

The Listener

Published by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. X

Wednesday, 20 December 1933

No. 258

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Commonwealth of Nations—XI

The Dominions and World Politics

A Discussion between PHILIP NOEL BAKER and DOUGLAS JERROLD

PHILIP NOEL BAKER: We have to discuss the British Empire and World Affairs. I begin, therefore, with three questions. First: What is the British Commonwealth? Second: What are 'World Affairs'? Third: What part should the Governments of the Commonwealth play in world affairs? How can they serve the interests of their peoples in their foreign policy? What should they be trying to do? Now here are my answers to these questions: First, I agree in all essentials with the description Coupland has been giving of the Commonwealth. The Dominions, like ourselves, are nations—as free, as independent, with as full control of their national affairs both in home and foreign policy, as we in the United Kingdom have of ours. I think with him that the very essence of the Commonwealth is free co-operation for common ends, and that the words 'power', 'domination', 'coercion', have no longer any meaning in connection with the relations between us and the Dominions.

For that very reason the Commonwealth survived the strain of the World War, and is today stronger than ever the old Empire used to be. Its members are bound together, not by ties of legal or constitutional compulsion, but by ties of race, of tradition, of language, of culture, but above all by common habits of mind in law and government, by their common practice of parliamentary democracy, and by common loyalties of many kinds.

Now, second, what are World Affairs? Many people

still talk as if the vital interests of Great Britain or of the Commonwealth were different from, indeed in conflict with, the vital interests of other nations, and that our vital interests can only be protected by unscrupulous nationalist diplomacy and superior military power. To my mind, that is without meaning in the modern world. Nations nowadays exchange their citizens, their raw materials, their manufactured wealth, their inventions, their books, their films, their plays, their wireless programmes, their political and social ideas, even their religions. They make these exchanges because, broadly speaking, the more wealth, the more ideas and culture they exchange, the richer, the happier and the better they all are. This is only to say, as the greatest of British historians, G. P. Gooch, said recently, that the fabric of civilisation is one; or, if you prefer it, that nations are bound together as members of a great society. And the whole of human history has shown that when the intercourse of a society is as intense as the intercourse of nations is today, that society must have an organisation to promote the common interests of its members. It must have law, order, police, courts of justice, political institutions, government. World affairs, today, properly understood, involve the building up of a body of law that nations will observe, and of institutions that will develop that law, keep the peace, build up co-operation between them. That is the real task of governments in world affairs: nothing else much matters.

My third question is: What part should the Common-

wealth play in this task? And my answer is already plain. Each Member of the Commonwealth is a Member also of the international society of states. Each, therefore, can best promote its interests by helping to build up the world law and world institutions of which I have spoken. Their purpose must be, by their joint and several action, to eliminate power and coercion from the relations of all States as they have been eliminated within the Commonwealth itself. And if this is the recognised and declared common purpose of all the six British democracies, not only will they be able to end international war and ensure the triumph of international right; but they will ensure the permanence and the strength and the cohesion of the Commonwealth as they can do in no other way. For so alone can there be found a common foreign policy in which all these six free independent nations will co-operate together.

DOUGLAS JERROLD: Your argument is that it was only because of the peculiar nature of this association that we, as the British Empire, survived the great struggle of 1914-1918, and you are so pleased with this result which you attribute to this particular cause, that you want to build a new world system embracing all nations in one political framework.

Well, in the first place, besides the British Commonwealth of Nations, the British Colonial Empire survived the War, and indeed emerged from that struggle more powerful and more united than before; so, as a matter of fact, did the second largest colonial empire—that of France. In the second place, you said no more than the truth when you said that the essence of our Commonwealth lies not in any principle of control, for there is no control, but in common ties of race, tradition, language, culture, government, and so on. But if so, and I agree, what follows? What follows is that before deciding whether it is possible to bring the whole of the rest of the world into one political framework, we ought to ask how far these common ties exist in the world as a whole. Quite obviously such common ties are non-existent. I shall challenge your whole description of the modern world as one in which nations exchange their citizens, their manufactures, their culture, their political and social ideals, and their religion. Frankly, it seems to me a purely fantastic picture. But at the moment it will help the course of our discussion if I make my own position clear.

Firstly, I should say that the history of the British and the French colonial empires shows quite clearly that wise and just government, scrupulously conducted in the interests of the governed, is still a powerful and, as I believe, a necessary force for progress in many parts of the world. Secondly, I should say that the free association of sovereign nations in one political framework is only possible when, as in our Commonwealth, there are common ties of race, religion and culture. Thirdly, I should say that because such common ties do not exist in the rest of the world, we, as a Commonwealth, must face the fact that the attempt at the present moment to force all nations into one political framework will lead inevitably to war.

P. N. B.: Let me deal first with your point about the colonial empire. There is, of course, a lot I could say in reply, but it is rather off our beat, so I will only say this. I believe that unless we can get rid of force from the relationship between ourselves and those whom we call the subject peoples, unless we can substitute co-operation for domination, the colonial empire will *not* survive the next great strain that comes. Indeed, whatever we do, I don't personally believe that either our colonial empire or the French will survive, if we fail to prevent another world war like the last from breaking out.

Now for your next point. You say that my picture of the intercourse between nations today is fantastic. Of course since 1931 we have seen an acute nationalist reaction. I would never admit that that is a normal tendency, or a

tendency that can endure. But even nationalism gives me a striking example of my contention. There has been no more powerful idea in modern times than nationalism, which has spread from Europe round the world, and has caused, among other things, the social, intellectual and political upheavals we have seen in India, China and Japan. As for other more material kinds of exchange, I only need quote some official figures prepared last year by Sir Halford Mackinder's Imperial Economic Committee. They show that in 1932—in the full blast of the nationalist economic reaction—members of the Empire did inter-imperial trade to the value of £700 millions, whereas with the outside world they did trade to the value of £2,300 millions. That single fact proves, to my mind, first that you cannot make a single self-supporting unit of the Empire, and second that the world has already become a single economic and financial whole.

D. J.: I should have expected a more convincing justification from you of your view of the essential racial, religious and cultural unity of the whole world today, which is fundamental to your case, and I don't see that you can answer what seemed to me at any rate the obvious discrepancy between the facts of the world today and your picture of it, by the one instance of the borrowing by India, China and Japan of the conception of nationalism. We have yet to see any results other than disastrous from the attempt to transplant this essentially nineteenth-century Western idea. Do you really suggest that this one unfortunate instance is enough to support your case, and that there really is such an identity of aim, ideals, culture and so on, throughout the world, that we can bring the whole world into one political system, and expect it to follow one code of laws, and set up some sovereign authority that will interpret and apply those laws? And do you really mean that the application of such laws can be achieved without the ruthless and constant exercise of force? You can have a world system in name as long as you like, but the moment you seek to have the thing you will plunge the world into war.

P. N. B.: Now we are getting down to business. In my view it is indispensable that in the next fifty or perhaps even twenty years, we should create the framework of a real system of world government. And our present plan of creating what we call a League of Nations, giving it, as I think, an adequate and reasonable law, and *not* upholding that law when it is attacked, is one that must lead, and, indeed, is leading us, very fast towards disaster.

D. J.: Then we are agreed on one point.

P. N. B.: I'm glad of that. But let me go back for a moment. When I was describing the nature of the modern world as I see it, I did not, unless I am mistaken, use the word 'unity', or 'identity of culture', which you used. I spoke of exchanges, intercourse, and I said that intercourse of every kind is in fact growing more intense with every improvement in the means of communication and transport; that therefore in the most realistic sense, an international society exists, since society consists in contacts between different people within a given area. And where you have a society you must have government, unless you want to have disorder and war. You say that if we try to make world government without a real unity of culture and tradition, we shall drive the world into war. I say that unless we can make world government we shall drift into war, with disastrous consequences to the British Commonwealth. And I submit that the present condition of Europe is a proof of my contention.

D. J.: You regard the present condition of Europe as a proof that the post-War policies which produced those conditions are right. I prefer to remember John Morley, who challenged the political wisdom of the post-War world in a very striking phrase at the beginning of his autobiography:—'The world's black catastrophe in your new age', he said, 'is at least not a proved and shining victory over the principles and policies of the age before it'. It is a

fashionable device of democracy to proclaim that the manifest disasters which have resulted from its policies are due to the fact that those policies have not gone far enough, but is there a shadow of evidence to support this complacency?

Let us come back and be a little more concrete about this question of the exchange of ideas. The modern world is visibly disorganised, disunited, on the verge of war. The British Commonwealth, with one unhappy exception, is strong, coherent, and has proved its vitality. It has been able to survive and to grow because it has got, in your own words, common ties of race, religion, culture, laws and traditions of government. But the rest of the world is divided in all these things. To say that because modern science and the printing press enables us to learn the rudiments of the tenets of Buddhism or Confucianism or the economics of Soviet Russia, therefore there is an effective exchange of these ideas which is bringing us all closer together, is to ignore altogether the question of the value of ideas. The value of ideas to other peoples depends entirely on the manner of life which they want to live. The British people want to live in the British way, and they will never in any effective sense exchange their ideals for those of Russia or China or the Brahmins. And if so, and I know you will agree that it is so, it is the most extreme form of nationalism—a form so extreme that it will most certainly precipitate war if it is applied—to expect the Russians, the Brahmins and the Chinese to accept our ideals in exchange for their own. Believe me, that way lies war. Let us, for Heaven's sake, learn a little humility in these matters. Let us develop and perfect within the Commonwealth our own political, social and economic organisation. Let us stop trying to impose on other races our political ideals and systems, which themselves need a great measure of adaptation to the needs of this new age. If we do this we can play a great part in world affairs, by showing how great free and sovereign nations can co-operate usefully in the pursuit of their own ideals and at the same time live in friendship with other races pursuing their ideals. And if we succeed better and make more progress than other nations as we have so often done in the past, we shall save the world by our example, and the future will see the narrow and fatal nationalism of the last century giving way in the next hundred years, or perhaps in the next two or three hundred years, to larger groups of peoples, other commonwealths, surely based like our own on the natural foundations of race, geography and culture. And in this way you will get progress as you have always got it—not out of a barren uniformity but out of a vigorous and healthy diversity.

P. N. B.: If I may say so, it is you who are now indulging in fantasy. I suppose by Russian ideas you mean Communism. But those ideas were imported into Russia from Germany and France—which only proves my general point. My general point, of course, is only what Lord Balfour meant when he said that the furtherance of civilisation must be the joint work of many peoples. And really you also completely distort what I said about the nature of the British Commonwealth. There is no identity either of race or religion in the Commonwealth. There are millions of French Catholics in Canada and of Dutch Lutherans in South Africa. Yet the Commonwealth peoples have created a common loyalty, the essential factor in which is the elimination of war between them. And I believe if the British democracies had led the world in stopping war in Asia in 1931, they could then, almost at a stroke, have created the same kind of world loyalty behind world law. You speak of getting peace by creating large units, mainly self-supporting, upon the natural foundations of race and religion. But how can you create such units? Can you possibly hope to make one in Europe? Yet Europe is of vital interest to the Commonwealth, and the next European war, if it comes, will probably destroy much, if not all, that is worth while in European civilisation, including our own.

D. J.: You have raised three very interesting points just now. They are very important ones. I will deal first with your point about the British Dominions. It is very far from my view that you must have an absolute identity of race and religion in order to promote a fruitful association. Great civilisations have always been able to assimilate. But that does not prove in any way that the aims, ideals, methods of government and religious beliefs of the Commonwealth can be transplanted and adapted to communities not preponderantly British in history, race and tradition.

Secondly, you tried to accuse me of wishing to create large

self-supporting units all over the world. I never suggested anything of the kind. On the contrary, I said that this intolerable habit of making unworkable plans for the whole of the world has got to be put a stop to. What I did say was that in the distant future, in the course of one, two or three centuries, if we preserve and maintain and make a success of the free association of nations which we call the British Commonwealth, we shall find that the rest of the world is tending to follow our political example. At the moment, the rest of the world will do nothing of the kind.

Your second main point was, if I understood you aright, that before the unfortunate Manchurian dispute we were on the road to a genuine system of world law and government. I am bound to say this statement amazes me. I am always amazed by the apparent belief of the people who hold your views that peace is a new and bold experiment inaugurated by post-War politicians. The facts also are very different. The post-War years have been beyond any possibility of challenge the most troubled in the international history of the last five hundred years. The breakdown of 1931 was not an unfortunate accident—it was inherent in the nature of world society today. Politicians at Geneva were speaking to Japan in accents which had behind them no moral authority which the Japanese people recognised, any more than we should recognise the moral authority of the people of South America to dictate our own course in regard to India. We were strong enough to exempt from the interference of the League our relations with the peoples of our own Empire, and in my judgment quite rightly so. It is this very fact which makes the post-War habit of democratic politicians such a cause of perpetual and just irritation to all nations. If this lecturing and hectoring policy is persisted in—if we are really determined to enforce our own ideals and our own system of government on the peoples from Warsaw to Tokio—the result will be a world conflagration.

P. N. B.: Of course, I agree that the right time to have started the League of Nations was before, and not after, 1914. To ask a new international association to function in the post-War world, torn with the passions and hatreds which the War had aroused, was to impose an appalling strain upon it. And yet, for over ten years the League did have an astonishing measure of success. It wasn't 'an unworkable plan'—it was a working fact. Its tribunals dealt with great numbers of international disputes, some of them of very great importance, and their verdicts were in every case accepted and carried out. Its Council stopped actual fighting, actual war, on no fewer than five occasions, and stopped it in an incredibly short space of time. If the governments of the League, headed by our own, had taken the same stand in the Manchurian case in 1931 that they did in the case of the earlier wars which they prevented, I am convinced that the authority and prestige of the new world law would now have been so high that Europe, instead of seething with war talk, as you agree it is, would today have been in a condition of stable peace. And I'm afraid I don't follow you when you say that in 1931 the politicians at Geneva were speaking to Japan without any moral authority which the Japanese people recognised. Their moral authority lay in the new world law which Japan itself had voluntarily accepted and helped to apply. There were no fewer than three separate post-War treaties by which Japan had freely guaranteed the rights of China against invasion. I believe that in every country throughout the world, even in Japan, the vast mass of people would have supported any great nation like ours if it had stood courageously for the maintenance of world law.

D. J.: Forgive me for interrupting, but I think there is a fundamental confusion in your mind between law and morality. Nations can make what are called treaties in international affairs, and what are called laws in domestic affairs; but morality is something quite antecedent surely to law, and separate from it, and, as the Prohibition experiment in America has surely proved, unless a law embodies and conforms to the current conception of morality it will be so much waste paper. And one of the main points that I have been trying to make is that this body of international law which you want to strengthen and fortify does not in fact correspond to any generally accepted body of moral ideas. Most certainly the ordinary moralist was a great deal more shocked at the conditions which were allowed to prevail in China for over ten

(Continued on page 960)



A modern park in Tokyo

Reproduced from 'Asahigraph', published by Asahi Shimbun, Japan

News in the Making

Industrial Japan and Ourselves

In Competition

JAPAN IS OUR GOOD FRIEND, and to good friends we attribute the best intentions. We cannot blame Japan for playing the world game of competition for cheapness, with all her great ability, and using to the full her advantage of cheap labour and depreciated exchange. But we must realise that the British Empire is being undermined and weakened, and must take measures which discriminate not at all against any nation or community, but definitely and immediately against all subversive methods which can lead to no permanent good.

Look, for instance, at the effect of depreciated exchanges. Without altering real wages in England or Japan the yen has fallen to about 40 per cent., and sterling and rupees to about 70 per cent. of par value. That means that to adjust exchange alone a preference of 75 per cent. is necessary, without taking any account of Japan's cheaper wage or subsidies. We all know that with Western machinery and methods, efficient Japanese labour can beat us before we start. To take a simple instance—electric bulbs are being sent to this country at about 2½d. a piece. What concerns us most is how fairly to protect ourselves, and here the Ottawa principle—the greatest result of that great Conference—applies. That principle approves of elastic tariffs based on wage costs just high enough to protect domestic wage levels from external 'blackleg' labour. If applied universally it would 'make the punishment fit the crime'. Any import from a relatively low wage country would then pay a moderate duty—the difference between invoice cost and the prices of a similar home-made article. These low wage countries would either continue to pay such duties or by raising their own wages reduce the tariffs against them. And also increase their domestic demand. That is the whole object. It is obvious that the total demand of the world depends on the buying power of the masses. That means wages. Even in a free trade world the lower wage cost would kill the better, and

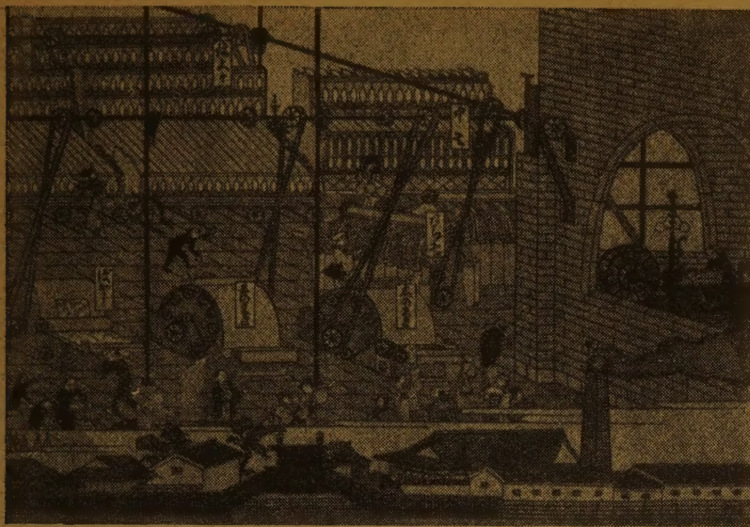
Asia would undermine and destroy the West, whose higher level alone makes her the largest buyer. Japan might thus inherit a valley of dry bones. But if the British Empire absolutely applied the Ottawa principle in the spirit of real partnership, with its corresponding privileges and loyalties, and invited all nations to come in on the same terms, the immediate effect must be to increase wages, raise prices, revive demand, restore collateral trade and set the wheels of commerce going. Such a principle could be the magnetic centre of a real economic League of Nations, whose enlightened self-interests, focussed in the integrity of the essential agreement, would guarantee its unanimity and permanence as no mere political treaties ever can.

W. F. SADLER

In Co-operation

I AM QUITE SURE there are many people who, like myself, value the old friendship with Japan, and are concerned at the rather acrimonious way in which the trade relations between the two countries are being discussed.

I think it may help if I draw your attention to the broader aspects of the subject. First of all, look at our own share of the world's trade—for remember, the United Kingdom still ranks first among exporting nations. Every month we are sending abroad manufactured goods to the value of about £23,000,000, and when, happily, these exports increase, we view the figures with a certain degree of pride and satisfaction. But we must not forget that our exports are the imports of other countries, and that we are only able to sell our goods because they are cheaper, or in other ways better suited to the needs of the buyers than their own products. Therefore we must be very careful how we frame our policy in dealing with imports into Great Britain, lest we take up a two-edged sword.



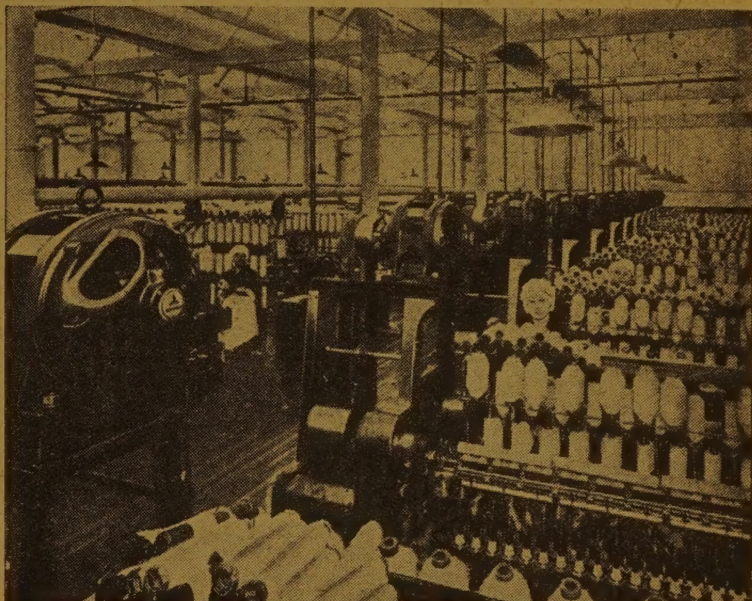
Woodcut of one of the earliest Japanese cotton mills (1868)—
Reproduced from 'Present-Day Japan, 1932', the
English Supplement to the 'Osaka and Tokyo Asahi'

Now look at our trade with Japan. For every twenty shillings' worth of imports to the United Kingdom from Japan during the last four years, Japan has taken twenty-two shillings' worth of our exports. But besides this, during the same period Japan has paid about £35 millions to British investors for interest on loans and repayment of principal. How many other countries have done so well? Can you name them? You can't! There is not even one. So I ask you to bear the facts in mind; firstly, that Japan has always been an excellent customer, secondly, that she has scrupulously fulfilled her financial engagements. Every day examples are quoted in the Press and elsewhere of Japanese goods selling here at low prices, and the assumption is that these imports take the place of goods formerly manufactured in this country, but this is by no means always the case. Moreover, so far as we have bought them cheaply, the gain has been ours, though I admit it may be necessary to increase our tariffs so as to restrain the flow.

Now what about Lancashire's exports to India? There is a popular belief that Japan has driven us out of that market; the truth is that the great bulk of the English trade has been taken by Indian mills. Thus, in 1915 two-thirds of the business went to Lancashire, and only one-third to the Indian mills; in 1932, 80 per cent. went to the Indian mills, and only 10 per cent. went to Lancashire. It is perfectly true that the Japanese have come in, but only to the extent of the remaining 10 per cent. There are many reasons for this change in the course of trade—for instance, India is a large producer of raw cotton and Japan is her best customer. She takes enormous quantities, about six times as much Indian cotton as the United Kingdom. It seems only reasonable then that Japan should desire to

sell her own products in India by way of exchange. I cannot here go into the vexed question of depreciated currencies and national finance, which would help us to understand why Japanese goods are so exceptionally cheap at the present time; nor to go into the question of wages, although I might just say that the scale in Japan, low as it is today, is actually four times as high as it was thirty years ago, and over two-and-a-half times as high as it was twenty years ago, and that the rise in the standard of living which these increases prove will inevitably continue.

I would like to ask you, one and all, not to attach too much importance to isolated facts, however numerous and convincing they may seem. The problems confronting the two peoples in these difficult days demand the most skilful and delicate treatment by the statesmen of both countries. They cannot be solved by hard words, resounding slogans, or ill-considered and hasty measures. Even within



—and a cotton-spinning mill in present-day Japan

Reproduced from 'Japan' (Japanese Government Railways)

our own Empire we meet with conflicting interests, for, as I have shown, Lancashire wants to sell cotton goods to India, but India wants to make them herself. Therefore, in considering this subject as a whole, remember that Japan has always been an excellent customer of this country, and of the British Empire, has scrupulously fulfilled every financial engagement, and has long been our close friend; and, finally, that our best interests lie in co-operation and goodwill between the two Empires.

CHARLES V. SALE

Litvinov's Achievement

ON DECEMBER 8 MR. LITVINOV LEFT BERLIN on the last stage of his journey home, after a tour which winds up a quite remarkable series of diplomatic successes. He left Moscow a couple of months ago. In those two months he has made an agreement with President Roosevelt that ends the seventeen years' estrangement between the United States and Soviet Russia. The new American Ambassador will be in Moscow next week. And on his way back Litvinov stopped in Rome, talked with Signor Mussolini and arranged for the immediate ratification of a Russo-Italian treaty of friendship and non-aggression.

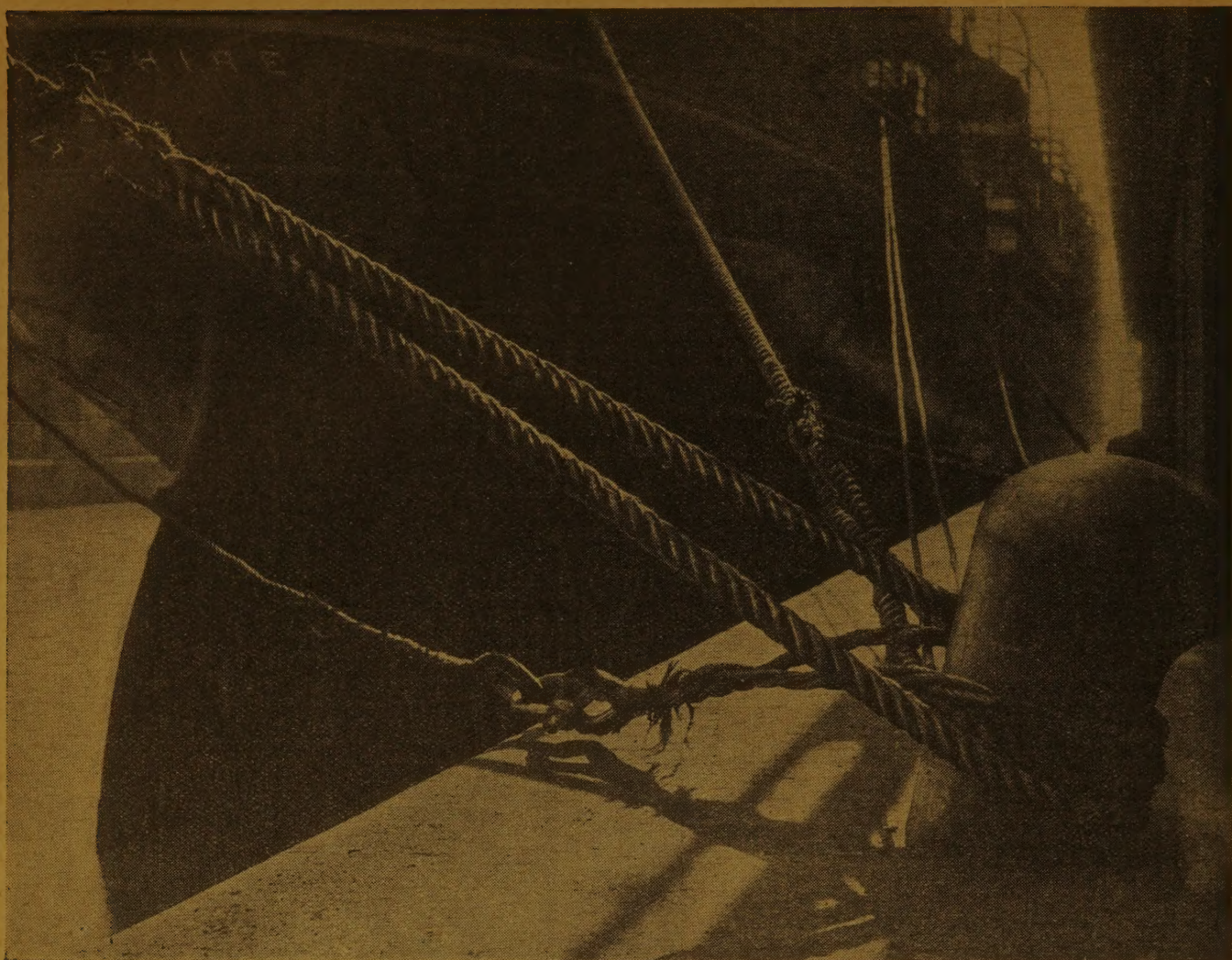
That is a good two months' work for a Foreign Minister. But for Litvinov it is only one end of a year of really remarkable achievement. In the last twelve months he has made a whole series of pacts of non-aggression with all Russia's European neighbours. So that East Europe, which was once a danger zone, is now the safest part of the Continent. He has signed treaties with France, and France and Russia are now on the most cordial terms. In London during the summer he and Sir John Simon, in two or three days' talk, smoothed out the dangerous Anglo-Russian quarrel that had followed the Moscow trials. And now to crown it all comes the restoration of 'diplo-

matic relations' with the United States and the treaty of friendship between Bolshevik Russia and Fascist Italy. Not a bad year's work, that. And quite a lot of it is due to his own personality.

I knew him first twenty years ago. Then he was 'Mr. Harrison', a refugee in London, teaching and translating Russian for a living. It would have seemed mad then if anyone had prophesied that in 1933 'Mr. Harrison' would be Russian Foreign Minister and the guest of the American President in the White House. But he is still the same simple, unassuming Litvinov. A little stouter, a little greyer; getting a bit bald. You might take him for a business man; more likely for some kind of artist, say a novelist or a musician. He is shrewd, politically competent, very patient, very straightforward, and with a sense of humour that is a big asset to a diplomatist.

Sir John Simon said the other day that Litvinov had made the only good joke of the Disarmament Conference. That's not quite fair to other people. There have been lots of good jokes. But Litvinov has certainly been responsible for quite a number of them.

NORMAN EWER



Photograph: E. Chambré Hardman

Plight of the Shipping Industry

SHIPPING IS THE GREATEST of all our export trades. The price we get for the sale of our shipping services abroad is more than we get for cotton goods, which come first after shipping, or for the whole of our exports of iron and steel manufactures and of machinery put together. But it means far more than that. As Mr. Kipling has put it:

The bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
They are brought to you daily by all us big steamers,
And if anyone hinders our coming—you'll starve.

We are the only country in the world that is in this position, and those of us who are old enough, know that in 1917 we came to the very verge of proving the truth of Mr. Kipling's words without the aid of statistics. We not only are dependent, but *must* be dependent upon our mercantile marine, unless we are to reduce our population by a half and our standard of living as well. We are the best customers of twenty-four countries, including our Dominions and Colonies. To them our power to pay for our purchases and to carry them away is of vital importance.

For eighty years we have maintained a policy of equality of opportunity for all ships of all flags in all ports, and this principle was generally observed throughout the world. But in recent years it has been undermined by the practice of many countries in state building, operating and subsidising of merchant ships. This has not only subjected our shipowners and seamen to most unjust competition, but has created a surplus of world merchant shipping which was excessive in 1929 when world trade was at its highest, but is today hopelessly in excess of trade requirements. Our own shipping is *less* than pre-War, while foreign shipping, mainly state-aided, is nearly double what it was.

Mr. Shaw, the Chairman of the P. & O. Company, and a distinguished Past President of the Chamber of Shipping, recently presented a vivid picture of the gross injustice to which many of our liner companies are being subjected by government

action abroad. He warned us that under present conditions we might as well expect a fishing smack to contend successfully with a battle cruiser. A report of an influential committee of tramp shipowners, who have been the backbone of British shipping in the past, has warned the country that they are threatened with extinction. The problem is both grave and urgent.

H. M. CLEMINSON

Organisers and others in charge of Occupational Centres for the Unemployed, where there is a desire to provide something more than games and recreation in the ordinary sense, will find it worth their while to procure a new pamphlet on *Educational Facilities for the Unemployed*, which has just been published by the British Institute of Adult Education (price 3d., from 39 Bedford Square, W.C. 1). This pamphlet (fifty-three pages) has been prepared by the National Committee set up under the chairmanship of Lord Eustace Percy to promote and co-ordinate educational work for the unemployed. It contains, besides a preface by Lord Eustace Percy, chapters outlining the activities of an Occupational Centre, and describing how educational work can be started in its most elementary form and gradually developed in more specialised ways, including music, drama, art and science. The last chapter discusses at some length possible ways of using broadcasting and the film for educational work in this field. Further the pamphlet includes, in appendices, detailed description of six successful educational schemes which have been carried out at Glasgow, Pontypool, Llandudno, Lincoln, Oxfordshire and Birmingham, descriptive notes on special types of educational work by the L.C.C., Educational settlements, etc.; and finally, a list of national organisations (ranging from the Friends' Allotment Committee to the Y.W.C.A.) which offer special educational facilities for the unemployed.

Economics in a Changing World—XI

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

The Pan-American Conference

LET US TAKE SHIP FROM SOUTHAMPTON and roll down to Rio . . . on second thoughts we must prolong our journey to Montevideo, the capital city of Uruguay, where the Seventh Pan-American Conference is in session. Its agenda comprises both political and economic subjects. The first of these conferences was held in Washington in 1889 and the sixth in Havana in 1928. The U.S.A. is represented at this conference by a delegation headed by the Secretary of State, Mr. Hull. This fact shows that Washington attaches considerable importance to the gathering; on the other hand the presence of the U.S.A. representatives has had a restrictive effect upon the economic discussions, because President Roosevelt has made it clear that the U.S.A. cannot agree at the present time to discuss 'monetary and tariff problems'. In fact he has told the Montevideo Conference very much what he told the World Economic Conference. In contrast to this negative attitude upon questions of high economic policy, the U.S.A. Government has given its blessing to discussions of a programme 'looking to the immediate acceleration of improvements in all the four forms of travel, namely, Air, Road, Water, and Rail'. A scheme has been on paper for some time for a great trans-continental motor-road from the Texas Border to Santiago in Chile, a distance of 8,750 miles. The U.S.A. Government is reported as being willing to put up some money for this. The road would require 45 million barrels of concrete, an amount said to be equal to one-third of the total annual U.S.A. production.

Broadly speaking, the trend of opinion in the South American Republics has been one of progressive apprehension of economic penetration by the United States. The methods by which the United States secured possession of the Panama Canal zone, and the rapid post-War increase up to 1931 of United States investment in South America, were phenomena which caused some searchings of heart in South American capitals. Up to the War, Great Britain was the most prolific investor in South America. In December 1931 it is estimated that U.S.A. investment in that part of the world amounted to about £600 million, the corresponding British total being in the region of £900 million. But if you examine the situation since 1914 you will find that British investment has increased 18 per cent., whereas U.S.A. investment in South America has increased 350 per cent. A good deal of this post-War American investment was of the unproductive type, which helped to build up that immense and burdensome structure of international debt which has pressed so heavily upon the world during the crisis, and most economists would agree that it was the cessation of the American lending in South America and elsewhere which first revealed the instability of the post-War economic system. The economic relations between South America and the rest of the world, chiefly the U.S.A. and industrial Europe, have been governed by the fact that South American exports are exclusively raw materials and primary products. For instance, 81 per cent. of the world's coffee (in 1929), 54 per cent. of the world's linseed, 23 per cent. of the world's copper ore, are produced in South America.

There has been keen competition between the U.S.A. and Great Britain for the South American markets. Just before the War, Great Britain enjoyed about a quarter of the whole import trade into South America, and the U.S.A. about one-sixth. In 1929 we had fallen to under one-fifth, and the U.S.A. had risen to nearly one-third. Since that date we have improved our position whilst that of the U.S.A. has deteriorated. Both the U.S.A. and Great Britain have made considerable efforts since the War to stimulate trade with South America by sending out commercial missions and by such courtesy visits as those of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Hoover.

International Investment

AND NOW LET ME USE these remarks about South America as a peg upon which to hang as difficult and controversial a subject as any now exercising the minds of those who are considering the economic outlook—the question of international investment. The nineteenth-century notion can be summarised as follows: The industrial countries lent their savings to the overseas agricultural and raw material countries, such as South and North America. These investments were used by the overseas countries in order to develop their resources and productivity. For instance, a South American republic, say the Argentine, would be lent money by English investors, and with these funds the

Argentine would make railways and so build one step in the escalator which brought a lump of imported meat to the plate of the man in the North of England who used the energy derived by his body from the meat in order to make more steel rails for the Argentine. This process of international lending was interrupted by the War and resumed afterwards, only to be severely checked by the onslaught of the great depression.

The question I should like you to turn over in your minds is this: 'What is to be the future of international lending?' In considering this matter you must give thought to the fact that when one lends it is usual to accept interest, and, eventually, repayment of the loan. But if the present fashion for self-sufficiency persists, if the Agenda of the World Economic Conference remains a mausoleum of blighted hopes, will it be practical politics to do any lending in a world where the lenders refuse to allow the debtors to pay in goods? And if the future of international lending is not so rosy as it seemed to be in years gone by, then how is this going to affect us with our London which is, in normal times, the world's great centre for the export of capital?

The Case of the Steamship Owners

I HAD INTENDED TO SAY something about the report of the special Committee of the British Chamber of Shipping, which has been forwarded to the Government with a request that the Government will see its way to provide at any rate temporary assistance to the tramp steamship owners. But the matter was dealt with briefly but adequately a few days ago*, so I shall wait until we hear what action, if any, the Government will take. I would, however, like to stress the extraordinary significance, as a sign of the great changes we are witnessing, of this action on the part of the shipping people. Ever since 1850, the shipping industry taken by-and-large has been the great stronghold of free trade and the doctrine of free competition and no state assistance. It is as remarkable as if some unprecedented set of circumstances had persuaded the brewers that in self-defence they must ask for the abolition of the pubs.

Before I leave shipping, I want to mention the very interesting case of the two Polish liners. The facts, as described by Miss Irene Ward, M.P., in her speech in the House, are as follows—I am summarising her remarks from the report in *Hansard*: The Poles wanted to place orders on the North-East Coast of England for two liners valued £1,000,000. The firms invited to tender could not finance the job and the Poles wanted credit, so the Government was approached in order to see whether they could withdraw the existing ban on export credit facilities to shipbuilding. Miss Ward stated that the Government could not see its way to do this and that the reasons why it is *not* the policy of H.M. Government to assist in the financing of this shipbuilding are two in number. Firstly, it is not desirable to encourage an addition to the existing glut of tonnage; secondly, it is not desirable to offer credits to foreign shipbuilding firms to put ships on the high seas which would compete with British shipping in world markets. The logic of these arguments is pretty clear, but, on the other hand, the Poles are apparently going to have the ships because the order has been placed in Italy. Now it is not my business nor my intention to express any opinion upon the merits of this particular episode. What I do want to do is to use this story, and for my purposes it could have been fictitious, in order to point out to you the inevitable clash between the answer you get to so many economic problems nowadays if you consider them from the short-term national point of view, and the answer you get if you look at them from the longer term and wider aspect of the world's economic position. Obviously we do not want to lose shipbuilding orders and equally obviously there is much to be said for not building a couple of ships which will probably be subsidised to compete with our existing trans-Atlantic services. You find the same kind of problem in agriculture. We want to help and develop United Kingdom farming, but it is common knowledge that imports of food-stuffs from the Dominions are one of the difficulties in front of the Minister of Agriculture. Apart from all questions of sentiment a Dominion farmer cannot buy a United Kingdom manufactured product unless he can send us an export. 'True'—would reply another voice—"but isn't it better for the Dominion farmer to expect less at a higher price than more at a very low price?" 'Hi! Hi!'—interrupts a third voice—"what about me? I'm a consumer. Steady on with these higher prices—unless you raise my wages I shall try to eat less or change my diet'. I must leave you to carry on that discussion.

*In the broadcast talk printed on page 934 of this issue



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Talks in the New Year

THE newly-published programme of talks for the first quarter of 1934 promises listeners a continuation of subjects already begun this autumn, as well as a number of entirely new series. The listener who looks to find in these talks his 'guide, philosopher and friend' in current affairs will be better catered for than ever before. Not only will he have Commander King-Hall expounding current economic problems to him on Monday evenings, and Mr. Vernon Bartlett the intricacies of foreign affairs on Thursdays (not to speak of a new series of twelve talks on China, Manchuria and Japan), but in addition two new series on Saturdays will give him more factual and philosophical matter on which to ponder during the week-end. 'Seven Days' Hard' is the rather gloomy title of a review of the week's events in light vein (seven days is a light sentence) which is to be contributed every Saturday night by a different but equally distinguished speaker; and a couple of hours before this the personality of Mr. A. P. Herbert (described in the Talks Programme as 'slashing but sympathetic') will colour an experiment in domestic philosophising entitled 'Mr. Pewter Works It Out'. Mr. Pewter is an up-to-date name for John Bull, who is to talk over with his wife the problems of the day wherever Saturday night happens to find them—in the pub, at the cinema, on a visit, and so forth. Apart from these various forms of comment on current topics, the late evening talks give large place to popular science. Wednesday evening will see two notable series: the first on the weather by Mr. Watson Watt, who is to describe how weather happens, how the forecasts are made, and why they sometimes go wrong; the second by Sir William Bragg, who takes as his subject 'Light', and 'will make the bold experiment of attempting to explain the processes of light by hearing and not by visual demonstration'.

The talks which take place in the earlier part of the evening, usually at 7.30, will continue to be grouped round the central idea of 'Taking Stock' of our national life. Our 'national character' is to undergo a further series of dissections which involve Scottish, Welsh and Irish expositions of the term 'Briton', as well as opportunities for digs at Northern and Southern characteristics and some further portraits of ourselves 'as others see us'—the others comprising America, Germany and Czechoslovakia. On Thursdays Professor John Hilton takes his place in the relay of travellers who have been going about the country on behalf of the B.B.C. surveying our agriculture, our

science, and so forth. Professor Hilton has made a complete tour of British industrial centres, travelling some two thousand miles, visiting nearly a hundred establishments and talking with perhaps a thousand people at work. The result will be a presentation of 'Industrial Britain' more comprehensive and up-to-date than anything of the kind yet attempted. His talks will fit in with the concluding round of analyses of the 'National Character', which is to be given up to a discussion of the influences of modern industrial life as seen through the eyes of an employer, an employee and a social worker. And the climax of the whole 'Taking Stock' programme will be a series of talks on Tuesday evenings, when twelve speakers of national standing—among them Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw—will contribute their answers to the question 'Whither Britain?'

Out of nearly three dozen different series of talks which will be going on between early morning and late evening in the period under review, we can speak here only of a few; but there is one other series of special topical significance during the first three months of the year, which will find its place in the Sunday afternoon programme. The Exhibition of British Art, which opens at Burlington House early in January, should bring to a head the growing popular interest in art which has been nourished by the successive Exhibitions of French, Italian, Dutch and Persian art in previous years. Professor Gleadowe, the late Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, will give six talks on British Art, beginning on January 14. An illustrated pamphlet will be published to make this series effective for listeners. In the meantime, we offer our readers a foretaste of the glories of the Exhibition in the photogravure supplement on British Art which accompanies this issue of THE LISTENER.

Week by Week

THE real importance of the Medical School and Pathological Research Institute opened by the King at St. Mary's Hospital last Tuesday was very clearly put by Mr. Gerald Heard in his broadcast that evening. 'Something of a revolution', he said, 'has started at St. Mary's. A quarter of a million has been raised simply for training doctors and for advancing research. Most appeal secretaries would have said quite lately that it couldn't be done. You could raise money for hospitals and for the sick if you made appeal to the heart and not to the head. You had to harrow our feelings to get at our pockets. It was no use trying to explain to people what an efficient hospital service must be—that simply having more beds if you didn't have more doctors behind the beds and more research behind the doctors, was like having more guns, but no more gunners, or munitions. Sob-stuff and not good sense was the only solvent that could loose the cash. It seemed then that if we were to keep on with voluntary hospitals they could never be complete hospitals. They could get money for the relief of suffering, but never in sufficient quantities for the proper understanding of disease and its prevention. What has happened at St. Mary's has disproved that. It has shown that our hospitals are not faced with a hopeless dilemma: either be scientifically progressive and give up the voluntary principle, or keep the principle and stay for ever scientifically inefficient. That is the meaning which is behind those two newly housed institutions up in Paddington, and so they mark a big break-through. For this recognition by our great voluntary hospitals of the need for more attention, both in training personnel and in pure research, not only shows that there is for them another lease of life, but that there may be the same hope for all those other free institutions for which England has been famous but which many people now tell us are out of date'.

One of the easiest things today, observes Sir E. D. Simon in his new book on *The Anti-Shum Campaign*, is to make an audience cheer by talking of 'an attack on the slums'; and one

of the hardest, to hold its attention with the facts and figures that explain how the objective can best be realised. There is not the least doubt that public opinion wants to destroy the slums; the more pertinent question is whether the genuine but rather vague emotions generated by descriptions of slum horrors can be turned, by greater knowledge of the subject, into something rather more solid before they evaporate. One of the most hopeful efforts towards replacing woolly sentiment by hard fact is the establishment of the Housing Centre, which began work on November 29 in the two model cottages erected by the Building Centre on the Bush House site. The Housing Centre is now the headquarters of the Under Forty Club and the New Homes for Old Exhibition Committee: and is in the closest contact with the Mansion House Council on Housing, the Garden Cities and Town-Planning Association, the National Housing and Town-Planning Council, voluntary housing societies, and local authorities. Its staff is therefore in an admirable position to accumulate information not easily accessible to the general public: it has already dealt with a great number of enquiries—from architects, journalists, M.P.s, borough council officials, etc.—and it hopes in particular to act as a clearing-house for information about voluntary societies, so that each one can, for the asking, have the first news of successful experiments elsewhere, and be warned in time off the unsuccessful. In the Centre itself there are the beginnings of a library of books on every aspect of the subject which may be consulted on the spot. There is a small exhibition permanently on view, on the lines of the New Homes for Old Exhibition which has been in demand all over the country; and a wide selection of plans, models, photographs, charts, and diagrams—many of which have been reproduced in our pages—which can be lent at a small charge. These are constantly being overhauled and brought up to date, and great attention is paid to illustrating special movements and enquiries—e.g., rural reconditioning, factories in the country, the drive against basement houses in Westminster. The newest chart of all illustrates one of the most interesting developments in modern housing, the introduction of the Octavia Hill system of management—showing how in 1864 Miss Hill started with 3 cottages in Marylebone, how in 1912, the year of her death, 3,000 were managed under her system; and in 1933, 30,000—in Holland, Sweden, Denmark and the United States as well as in Great Britain.

* * *

There is in England at the present time a daily average prison population of 13,000, and in Scotland of 1,600. How to find suitable employment for them is, according to the recent Government Report*, the most important factor in their physical and moral regeneration. It is now generally admitted that the old system of 'hard labour' had severe psychological effects. As defined by the Prison Act of 1865 it consisted in 'work at the treadmill, shot drill, capstan, stone breaking, or such other hard bodily labour'. The chief objection to such work is that it kept the prisoner 'in a state of mental vacuity'. The present Report recognises the importance of 'fitting the prisoner to resume a respectable and honest life on release', and for this purpose recommends 'an improvement in the efficiency of prison labour and prison instruction'. But here it encounters serious difficulties. The first, of finance, is bravely met: 'A direct financial return for prison labour is not the primary object of our proposals'. Thus training in industry is more important than production on an economic scale, 'especially in the case of Borstal inmates and prisoners under 30 years of age, with comparatively long sentences'. A careful classification of such prisoners is advocated, determined where possible by psychological experiment (of the kind described by Mr. Julian Huxley in *THE LISTENER* for December 6). Prisoners can then be segregated in prisons according to their industrial capacities (where such segregation does not involve undesirable mixing of criminal types) and there instructed in their future trades. Prison life tends to render the prisoner 'physically soft and mentally slow', so that a general speeding up of the work set and an increase of efficiency are demanded. For this purpose payments are advocated for a high standard of output and quality. But the chief problem is the scarcity of work available. Prison labour must not spoil the prospects of unemployed men, or undercut normal production prices. This difficulty may possibly be met by increasing employment on the land. As appendices to the

Report appear statements of considerable interest by prisoners themselves. From these it seems clear that the chief misfortune of prison life is the entire lack of initiative and responsibility which it breeds—putting a man back into his childhood. All forms of employment which by their futility and unproductiveness encourage this are naturally resented. The recommendations of the Report go far to meet this charge.

* * *

Since man first invented the machine, philosophers have not ceased to speculate on what the machine might do to man, and even film producers have indulged in crude speculations of a future world of robots. Such speculations have now been pushed a stage further into the world of the laboratory. In the course of his recent lecture on 'The Mechanisation of Research', delivered before the Liverpool Section of the Society of Chemical Industry, Major F. A. Freeth emphasised the danger of routine research work in mechanising the minds employed in it. As the machine-tender may become the slave of his machine, so the research-worker must beware of the domination of his instruments and his apparatus. It should be possible for him in the modern laboratory to take such problems as the variables of nature for granted, and not to have to devote the major part of his energies to achieving such conditions as temperature or pressure. In the good research-worker the mind must be free and ranging, capable of unprejudiced observation. For, according to Major Freeth, there is an important distinction between research and discovery. Discovery is a fickle thing and inventiveness may occur in the minds of anyone irrespective of training. There would appear to be a special type of experimental mind, as likely to be possessed by a layman as a scientist, whose ideas must be treated with the greatest respect. 'I am informed', said Major Freeth, 'that one of the associations manufacturing mechanical boot-machinery has actually a corps of inventors. These people are selected merely for their inventive capacity and not for any normal form of training they may have had, nor for previous history'. By contact between the layman, with the eager and unprejudiced eye, and the research-worker, trained to accuracy, the cause of discovery might be even more quickly advanced. This is, of course, always supposing that we need and want a further multiplication of inventions. For another philosopher may well appear to point out the dangers of such things—dangers which may affect far more lives than those engaged in their discovery.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: Scotland's indifference to criticisms of its intellectual condition is almost monumental, and Mr. Eric Linklater can count it a personal triumph that certain remarks of his on Calvinism, passed in a broadcast address on the state of literature among us, provoked a grave correspondence in the *Scotsman*. It is significant, however, that the discussion proceeded on non-literary lines, the critics being more concerned to defend the Presbyterian tradition than to answer Mr. Linklater's observations on its effect on native writers and, what is more important, readers. Altogether it was a delightful illustration of our Scottish inability to approach an artistic problem without moral bias. Mr. Linklater's critics actually obliged by proving the point he had sought to make—that Scotland stands in greater need of readers than of writers. That is not the paradox it appears at first sight. The truth is simply that the young Scots writer, seeking to express the new vision of his native land, has not only to break through the literary conventions, but must also overcome the prejudices of the potential public among his fellow-countrymen. In short, the mass of Scottish people is far from ready to quit the kailyard and the heather and to enter the domain of reality, of which the cool survey can prove so disturbing to traditional moral standards. It is a matter of simple publishing experience that Scotland is still a book-buying nation. Excluding the special case of London, Edinburgh and Glasgow remain with Manchester the best book-markets in Great Britain. The Scottish reader, however, buys British and has very little concern with the national effort. Indeed, he suffers a definite 'inferiority complex' towards metropolitan fashion and has little inclination towards native products as such. For the time being, certainly, the Scottish writer cannot live on Scotland alone and must continue to look elsewhere for the bulk of the appreciation and support he needs.

* Report of the Departmental Committee on the Employment of Prisoners. H.M. Stationery Office 1s. 6d.

Foreign Affairs

The German Church—League 'Reforms'

By VERNON BARTLETT

SOME months ago I pointed out that, although Munich is the birthplace of the Nazi movement, it is also the city where one is most likely to hear criticism of that movement. This is partly because tourists used to spend a good deal of money there on their way through to Austria for their holidays, and now, owing to the quarrel between Herr Hitler and Dr. Dollfuss, there are no German tourists bound for Austria; but it is mainly because Munich is a Catholic city, and many Catholics resent the way in which the National Socialist government has interfered with religious matters. Herr von Papen was sent to Rome to work out an agreement with the Vatican, and although there are still difficulties—as indeed there must be in the case of any political movement like Fascism or Hitlerism, which is in itself almost a religion—these difficulties are not very acute, or, if they are, one does not hear much about them, although Cardinal Faulhaber, preaching in Munich recently, spoke very strongly against people who even went so far as to pretend that Christ had been an 'Aryan', and not a Jew.

The case of the German Protestants, on the other hand, has become very important and one would hardly have expected such a development because there used to be, I believe, twenty-eight separate Protestant Churches in Germany; and, rather naturally, the greater their number the less became their influence. More than ten years ago a German Evangelical Church Union was formed to try to bring them together, but it did not meet with much success.

The National Socialist desire to bring everything in Germany within the sphere of the National Socialist State did not, of course, stop short of religion. When Herr Hitler first came into power, everybody expected that the governments of the different German states, the political parties, and the trade unions, would put up a pretty effective resistance to him. Actually, as we know, the autonomy of the states, the existence of political parties, and the power of the trade unions, all disappeared in a very few weeks. The first effective protest against a Nazification of everything has come from this unexpected quarter—nobody had worried much about the German Evangelical Church. And the protest has been effective just because these different churches had been ordered, in accordance with Nazi ideas, to unite. The trouble has arisen because this unification was forced upon them from without, instead of beginning from within. Starting with the minute state of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Herr Hitler appointed Commissioners for each of the churches and decreed that a Primate must be chosen to rule over them all. This Primate was chosen, but he was far too moderate for the keener Nazis among the clergy. They called themselves 'German Christians' and demanded that the anti-Jewish campaign must be extended to include members of the clergy and their wives. 'We want to be led by men, not by sinners', one of their leaders declared recently. Another declared that they must have Holy Places not in Palestine, but in their own fatherland. Others have demanded the abolition of the Old Testament, and others, again, would like to replace it by teaching about the early German pagan gods—Wotan and the rest of them. They were opposed to the Primate, Dr. von Bodelschwingh, who, amongst other things, offended them by ordering a very moderate prayer to be read from every pulpit on Whit Sunday. They, on the other hand, wanted flags flying from all the churches and Nazi parades linked with religious services. Dr. von Bodelschwingh had to go, and his place was taken by Dr. Müller, a Nazi and army chaplain who generally appears in Nazi uniform, or at least with his war decorations pinned on his clerical clothes. He produced a new constitution for the United Evangelical Church, and threatened that clergymen who dissented from it ought to be sent to concentration camps. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, which mentioned this threat, was confiscated. A few weeks later he was instructing every pastor that it was his duty to vote for Herr Hitler in the October elections.

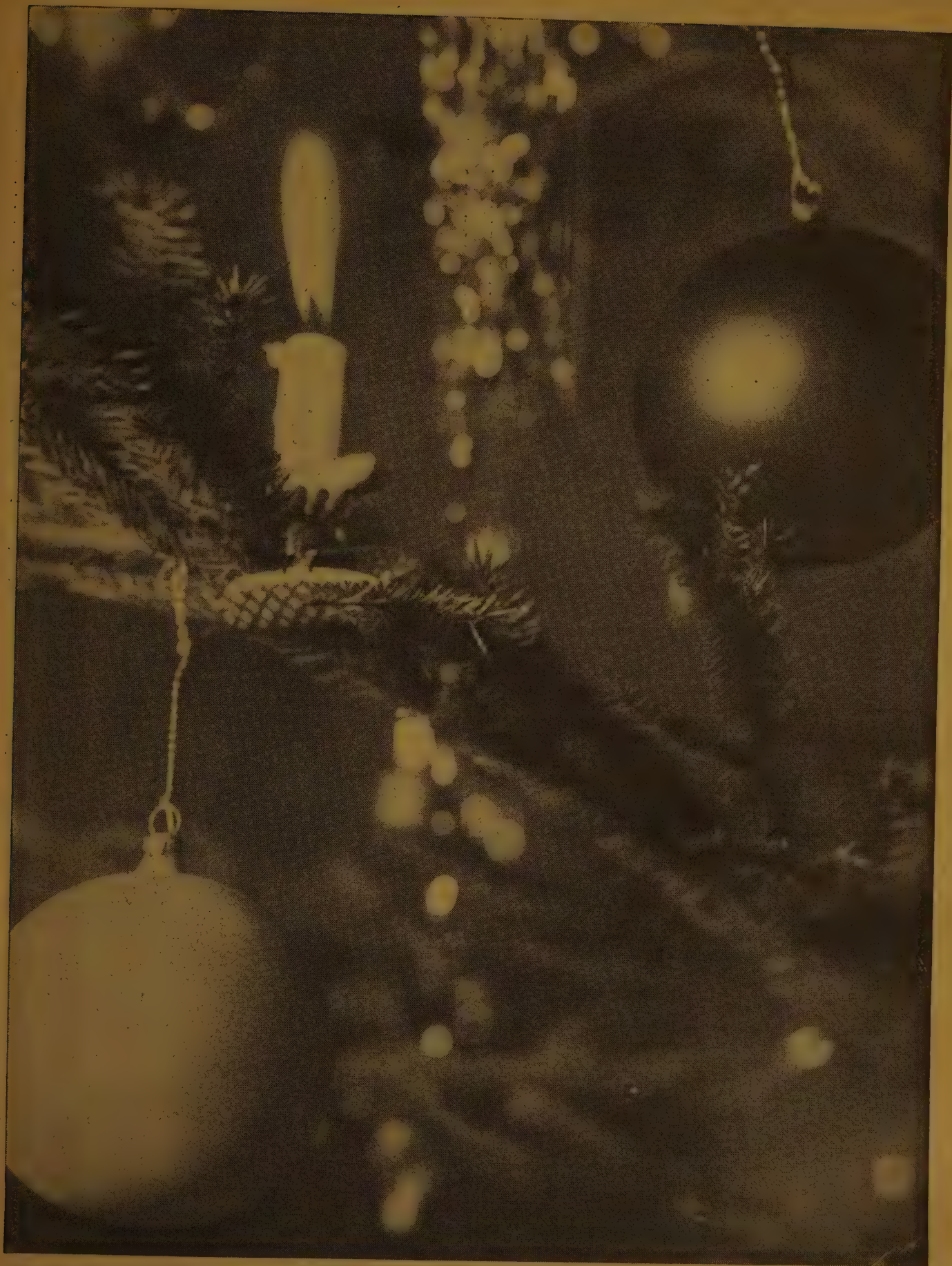
But by this time the revolt had grown in an amazing way. A famous professor of theology, Karl Barth of Bonn University, wrote a scathing attack on this attempt to 'National-Socialise' the church. 'It would be better if the Evangelical Church were reduced to the merest handful and were to go into the Catacombs', he wrote, 'than conclude even a distant peace with this doctrine'. Some three thousand clergymen backed him up and formed the 'German Pastors' Emergency League'. Their League has not hesitated to attack what they call 'neo-German paganism'. As Martin Luther four centuries ago opposed domination from without, now these pastors refuse to accept the same kind of domination from within Germany.

The climax came after a meeting on November 13 in the

Sportpalast in Berlin—the favourite place for all big political gatherings. There Dr. Hossenfelder, Bishop of the Province of Brandenburg, who also appeared in a Nazi uniform, announced that three prominent pastors had been suspended because of their opposition to the 'German Christian' spirit. Disciplinary action was to be taken against them because they disapproved of the anti-Jewish provisions in the new Church Constitution. One of the pastors who was suspended had been a submarine officer during the War, and had been awarded the Iron Cross. He and many of the other opponents of the 'German Christians' are none the less sincere in their support of Hitler. What they object to, however, is the interference of Hitlerism in religious matters, and, so far, their campaign has succeeded, for within a fortnight after this meeting Bishop Hossenfelder resigned from the Central Church Administration, and a fortnight ago Dr. Müller ceased to be one of the patrons of the 'German Christian' movement. He also appointed a new Ecclesiastical Ministry containing more moderate members, although even yet they are not moderate enough to satisfy the Pastors' Emergency League. And Herr Hitler has decreed that in future there is to be no state intervention in Church matters. The struggle for freedom of conscience is not yet over, but the first round has gone to its supporters.

I have referred at considerable length to this Protestant revolt because it is the first serious setback the extremists in the National Socialist movement have received. People are apt to forget that, even in the ranks of the Storm Troops, there are very many decent moderate young Germans who dislike the anti-Jewish campaign and other excesses, but who believe that Herr Hitler will be able to win a position for their country which Dr. Brüning and Dr. Stresemann could not win. Only a few weeks ago a young man in the S.S.—the most select and loyal section of the Hitler troops—told me that he so hated this anti-Jewish business that he would like to resign and clear out of the country. This Protestant revolt does not in the least mean that the National Socialist movement is cracking up. Probably it means just the contrary—if the extremists had a free hand they would sooner or later involve their country in war, civil war or foreign war. However much the Germans like someone they can obey, however much that liking may be increased by the fairly general feeling of the man in the street that the problems ahead are so great that he does not want to accept the responsibility for them, the individual in any civilised country must retain a certain freedom of thought. I should imagine that every German, Nazi or not, who takes a really intelligent interest in the future of his country, is secretly rather glad that some group of people has been found to check the wilder claims of the wilder Nazis. I daresay that remark applies to Herr Hitler himself—being a Roman Catholic he very probably put the future of the Protestant Church in the hands of people with more enthusiasm than commonsense. I have the idea that this stand made by the Pastors' Emergency League and the Chancellor's obvious desire to meet their claims are—or is, for I couple the two together—one of the most promising events since the National Socialists came to power.

Now for other things which, on the surface, seem more important. I would like to say a word or two about the decision of the Fascist Grand Council that Italy must withdraw from the League of Nations unless it can be drastically reformed. Most of the complaints against the League are, of course, complaints made against the governments themselves. Years ago a friend of mine invented a little song to the tune of 'Yes, we have no bananas'. It ran, as far as I remember, something like this: 'Yes, we'll take no decisions, we'll take no decisions today, for this League of Nations lives on hesitations and compromise and delay. And though Europe's dissolving, we'll go on resolving, that, yes, we'll take no decisions, we'll take no decisions today'. That has become an increasingly true picture of the League, but it is obviously not the fault of the League machinery, but of the governments which send delegates to Geneva, if they decide to take no decisions. Nor is it generally the fault of the little countries, whose influence Signor Mussolini wants to lessen, if there are all these delays. The League machine is growing rusty above all because the Great Powers want to drive it in different directions. The French, for example, want to use it to defend the Versailles Treaty, and the Italians want to use it for that treaty's destruction. The elimination of the influence of countries like Sweden or Holland would most certainly not increase the probability that one day Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Japan—perhaps the United States and Russia as well—will all be in agreement to make the League work. Possibly this proposal to study the reform of the League will help to remind people



Studio Hinkka

The Spirit of Christmas

that a motor-car will not work unless you put petrol in the tank, and that the Council will shirk issues as long as its members hesitate to face up to them.

There are certainly some points where reform is wanted, although I am less certain that it could be achieved. It does seem absurd that the Dominican Republic (if I may take that island as an example without causing offence to its inhabitants; I do so because a diplomat told me the other day that the Republic had only one warship, which was named *El Terror del Mundo*—the 'Terror of the World'—and I should hate to accuse a diplomat of exaggeration)—it does seem absurd that so small a country should have just the same voting power as Great Britain or France. But in practice most work is done by the League Council, where the Great Powers alone are permanently represented, although it has happened once or twice in the past that decisions have been held up by the vote of a single and not very influential nation. So democratic a system is not quite in accordance with the political tendencies of the day. On the other hand, the smaller Powers could not be expected to give up their say in affairs without a struggle. This is how an important Polish newspaper, the *Gazeta Polska*, sees the problem: 'Britain's continuous desire to remain arbitrator without commitments, Germany's wish to re-arm, and France's

determination to remain armed, have rendered fifteen years' talk and labour in the cause of peace an utter failure, killing the Disarmament Conference and the League simultaneously. The attempts made by a few Powers to save the situation are sure to fail. Since Versailles the larger Powers have grown weaker, while the smaller have gathered strength. As long as the Great Powers disregard this new fact all attempts at disarmament will be useless and the demon of war will be left alive. The League is a failure not because Japan and Germany have departed and the United States are outside, but because it worked on a wrong principle, the hierarchy of the large Powers dictating to the smaller. It has become a windmill grinding empty phrases, unable to realise President Wilson's plan of progress and peace. It is not too democratic, but undemocratic'.

That is the other point of view. This struggle between democracy and dictatorship is thus added to the League's other difficulties. And as I believe that the need for some agreement to prevent a general rearmament becomes the more obvious every week, most of us will await with the keenest interest any proposals that Signor Mussolini can put forward to dissociate the League Covenant from the Versailles Treaty, to make it more easy to work and to bring more Great Powers along to work it.

Scientific Research and Social Needs—X

International Needs and Scientific Achievements

By JULIAN HUXLEY

THE British Empire is the biggest, the most scattered and the most heterogeneous political association there has ever been—or that there is ever likely to be until the World State arrives. What is science doing towards the needs of this extraordinary agglomeration? In the first place, of course, most of the separate units have their own scientific organisation. This is as it should be, for however general scientific problems may be, they arise in different forms in different conditions, and can only be worked out locally.

But essential though local research is, centralised work and co-ordination are also necessary, and a great deal has been done to provide them, especially in the years since the War. One very important method of co-ordination is that of the Imperial Agricultural Bureaus, which began to be established after 1927, which are attached to laboratories where specially good work is going on in the different subjects concerned. Their function is to collect and analyse all the information in their particular field, and to make it available for the Empire at large, either by publishing bulletins and summaries, or by replying directly to queries. I came across several of these bureaus during my tour of this country. The Bureau for soil science is attached to Rothamsted. The one for animal breeding is attached to Crew's Animal Breeding Research Department at Edinburgh, the one for animal nutrition to the Rowett Institute at Aberdeen, the one for pasture and grassland to Stapledon's place at Aberystwyth. They are not all in Britain, however; in accordance with the principal that they should be attached to the institution where the most important research on the subject was in progress, the one concerning veterinary science, for instance, was put at Ondestepoort, in South Africa. These co-ordinating and distributing centres are performing a very useful function. And, as their publications circulate everywhere, they are useful to the world at large as well as to the Empire, and in some cases they are almost in the position of world centres.

The same sort of thing, in addition to much actual research work, is done by two other bodies, the Imperial Institutes of Entomology and of Mycology, at South Kensington and Kew respectively. Mycology is an unfamiliar branch—it means fungus science, and the Institute concerns itself with all the moulds and rusts and other fungus pests of trees and crops. Entomology, of course, is the study of insects; and insects are the most serious enemies of man in the world. The Imperial Institute of Entomology identifies over one hundred thousand specimens of insects every year. More than half the resources of the Institute go towards the publication of a periodical which gives abstracts of all scientific papers, dealing with the activities of every kind of insect pest throughout the world. Here is an example which will show you how important systematic work is in the sphere of mycology. The citrus fruit plantations of Australia were suffering seriously from a fungus pest. This was taken to be the same as a similar fungus which had been doing damage in Florida, and the control measures that had worked well in Florida were tried—but with no effect. Then the Imperial Institute of Mycology looked into the matter, and found that the two fungi were really quite distinct, and had quite different life histories, so that altogether different control measures were needed in Australia.

One of the most fascinating scientific institutions in existence

is the field laboratory of the Institute of Entomology, out at Farnham Royal—nicknamed the 'Parasite Zoo', for its function is to supply parasites in bulk to all parts of the Empire. The parasites are parasites of insect pests; they are themselves insects, which lay their eggs in the grubs or eggs of the pests and devour them from the inside. In some cases this method has been a spectacular success. For instance, the valuable coconut crop of Fiji was in serious danger of destruction from a little moth which somehow got introduced into the islands towards the end of last century. Three entomologists were set the job of finding a parasite for it; at the suggestion of the Imperial Institute of Entomology, they looked in Malaya, and there found what they wanted. By chartering a special steamer, living parasites were brought to Fiji, and bred there in bulk; and within four years the moth had become so rare as no longer to be of any importance as a pest. At Farnham Royal, entomologists are engaged on the search for the right kinds of parasite, the study of all their little habits, the best methods of rearing, and transporting them in bulk. They are now busy trying to find a parasite for a sunfly which attacks Canadian wheat; that such problems are of very practical importance is shown by the fact that this insect did over two million pounds' worth of damage in one year in Manitoba alone.

The other extremely important work in insects is done by Committees of the Economic Advisory Council. A good example is the work of the Locust Committee. The history of this is interesting. At the end of the War, the Imperial Institute of Entomology secured the services of Uvarov, a Russian scientist who had discovered the unexpected but fundamental fact that all true locusts existed in two quite different forms, a solitary form which lived like any other grasshopper and a swarming form which possessed the instinct to migrate in huge hordes. Besides their habits, the two differ also in their colour and a number of other points. Since then much of the research has been directed to finding where the solitary form has its main home, from which the hordes of swarmers will set out when they are produced; and to discovering what causes the change from one form into the other. If you can find the main home, you may be able to prevent disaster by destroying the locusts there when they are not swarming. The Committee receives reports from all over Africa as to the presence and movements of locusts, and the mapping of this information is now beginning to narrow down the field in which to look for the main homes of the three different species of African locusts.

Meanwhile, another line of attack is being tried. Experiment showed that locusts in flight were killed very quickly by finely powdered sodium arsenite. After many trials, it has been found possible to manufacture this in the shape of a dust fine enough to be discharged into the air as a cloud; and now an aviator has gone out with an Imperial Airways machine to Northern Rhodesia, to try the effect of flying over a swarm of migrating locusts and discharging this poison dust right into them. If it is as successful as is hoped it will be much the best method for checking the ravages of locusts once they have started on their migratory career.

Now I come to another point. The work at the 'Parasite Zoo' was largely financed by the Empire Marketing Board which, as most people know, came to an end this year. It has now been



What a cloud of locusts really looks like: a photograph taken in North Africa

taken over by an organisation which deals with the Imperial Bureaus and is supported by all parts of the Empire; but it has only been financed for a year at a time. This lack of security is very bad for a scientific institution, both because it prevents any proper continuity of policy, which is essential for science with its long-range vision, and because it leaves the scientists engaged on the work in a very insecure position, with unsettling effects on the existing staff and increased difficulties in recruiting new personnel of high standard.

The break-up of the Empire Marketing Board is a real disaster for the imperial side of science. The ordinary public knew of it chiefly by its posters and its propaganda campaigns; but behind the scenes it was engaged on a really big programme of research. To give a few examples of its activities, it was giving substantial help to the valuable work of the D.S.I.R. on the cold storage of fish, meat, eggs and fruit. It has financed work by a zoologist on the curious cycles of alternating abundance and scarcity which are found in many animals and birds; this is proving to be of importance to home agriculture in regard to periodic plagues of field mice; to the fur industry in regard to prophesying the fat and lean years for fur trapping; to medicine in forecasting the times of abundance of wild rodents which carry human plague. Then it helped in a very interesting investigation on the possibilities of 'road-trams' with caterpillar wheels, capable of operating in tropical countries over the roughest roads: this, if successful, may prove to be the solution of the goods transport problem in many parts of Africa.

To show what difficulties are being brought about by the expiry of the Board, I may mention the case of Kew. Most people know Kew for its lovely gardens: but it is also the centre of botanical research for the Empire. Most of the staff are engaged on work in the Herbarium, which houses an enormous collection of plant specimens from all over the world, all named and classified. On any question of identifying a plant you call in Kew. The Herbarium has eight scientific workers of its own: but in addition, the Empire Marketing Board was paying the salaries of seven other scientists to get on with this important work, also of several technical assistants, and of an economic botanist, who also has been busy on a most important job—nothing less than a complete descriptive catalogue of all the plants grown as crops for profit anywhere within the Empire. And, of course, the problem now is, what's to become

of all these men and all the work they have begun? But it is not only such systematic work with which Kew is concerned. It was responsible for bringing the cinchona tree, from the barks of which quinine is made, from Peru to India, and so helping in the campaign against malaria; for getting the Brazilian rubber plant from its native home and distributing it over the Empire; for spreading the tungore plant, which yields such good paint and varnish, from China all over the semi-tropics; and the chalmoogra plant, which yields the best specific against leprosy, from its Asiatic home into Africa and the West Indies, where it is badly needed. Often the process is carried out in steps, the plants being grown in one of the greenhouses in Kew before they are sent out to their new home.

Then there is medicine. All sorts of diseases unknown in this country are prevalent in the tropics. Apart from all the research on tropical medicine that goes on in India and the colonies, a good deal is carried out in this country to cater for the needs of sailors and others who have come back after contracting such diseases aboard. So we find the study of them chiefly in our two greatest seaport towns, London and Liverpool.

There is also an imperial side to broadcasting. Empire radio is destined to be an important link between Englishmen all over the globe, and this depends a great deal on the progress of research on short wave transmission, which is actively going on among much other work in connection with the Radio Research Board, also under the D.S.I.R. Radio links up the human element: and this is perhaps in the long run the most important of all fields for science planned on the empire scale. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of a scattered heterogeneous Empire like ours is to effect mutual understanding between groups differing in race, colour, tradition and level of civilisation. The wireless and the cinema, both products of applied science, are likely to be the most important agencies in this respect, if properly used. I remember talking in Kenya with the head of the Medical Department, and hearing of the extraordinary success he had had with a home-made film in persuading tribal natives to co-operate in a campaign for ridding their area of hookworm and other diseases; and recently comes news of a large experiment in India, in which villages are to be provided with communal wireless sets.

Still more important is scientific research on the human beings themselves. We are astonishingly ignorant in many ways

about our Empire. There are no reliable vital statistics over most of Africa. I tried when I was there to get some information as to infant mortality: all that I could discover was that it must be terribly high—perhaps six to twelve times as high as in England, so that sometimes half the babies born would die in the first year of life; but accurate figures were lacking on this and on the equally important question of the average length of life of African natives.

Things are pretty bad, too, as regards research on health. Some years ago the Medical Research Council and the Empire Marketing Board had an investigation made of the physique of two neighbouring Kenya tribes, the Masai and the Kikuyu, in relation to their diet. The result was very striking. The Masai are famous for their good physique and bravery—they are among the tribes who kill lions with spears. The Kikuyu are of smaller stature and of much poorer physique, this is specially true of the men; the women, though small, are renowned for their power of carrying heavy weights. The Kikuyu live on a preponderantly vegetable diet. Furthermore, this vegetable diet is not satisfactory in several respects, as regards its food-value; and what is more, the men, owing to tribal traditions, have a poorer diet than their women folk. There is, it appears, no doubt that the addition of a moderate amount of high-quality protein, in the form of meat, to the Kikuyu diet would raise their physique and energy quite considerably. Nor do the Masai escape the penalties of one-sidedness; they appear to suffer a good deal from diseases of rheumatic type.

I also found when I was out there that the belief still lingered among some white employers of black labour, that the black man only needed a few handfuls of maize-meal or other simple vegetable food to keep him in good trim. This as a matter of fact is a complete fallacy; a black man has the same general physiology as a white man; and many complaints about 'lazy niggers' and the like owe their existence entirely to the short-sighted policy of the white employers who want to get a great deal in labour for next to nothing in the shape of food, and provide a diet on which a human being cannot help being listless and without energy. Although there has been much improvement of late years in the diet provided for native labour, especially by big concerns like mines, it still remains true that improper and inadequate diet is one great cause of backwardness among native inhabitants of Africa—and doubtless of other primitive parts of the Empire. Considering what far-reaching effects their increased energy would have it is almost ludicrous that this preliminary investigation of the two Kenya tribes hasn't been followed up by a full survey on an Imperial scale.

Another vast field for research is in anthropology—the study of human customs and beliefs and social organisation. Some very serious mistakes have been made in the past even by the most well-meaning of administrators, simply because they didn't understand the ideas of the people with whom they had to deal. Some of the most difficult problems arise with natives who are no longer living their immemorial tribal lives, but are living in contact with the white man's system. For these, there is grave danger of falling between two stools, and acquiring the less desirable qualities of native and white life. Here a new kind of anthropology is needed—not the very pure kind which was always looking out, quite naturally, for the most primitive and the most untouched tribes, but an applied anthropology, halfway to sociology, to study the effect of mixture of cultures with a view to guidance and control. Of late years, a beginning has been made with such work, largely under the influence of Professor Malinowski of the London School of Economics, and the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures; but the problem is acute, and much remains to be done. So it is good news that a scheme is now in being in this country whereby in the near future a broad comparative survey is to be made of Africa. It will deal with the problems of our African Empire under four heads—that of economics, of administration, of anthropology and sociology and of natural science. By this means it is hoped many gaps and defects in co-ordination will become apparent and the way be opened for a more scientific policy.

At any rate, this is a truly scientific approach to the problem of the large backward areas of the world, and perhaps out of it there will grow some provision for an institution on a more permanent basis which could continue the ever-pressing needs of scientific study and could act as an advisory centre for African affairs. This survey will also take notice of what is being done in the African possessions of other nations. Here, it will be seen, an international aspect comes in. The same was true for the much more specific example of locust research. In this field the Italians and the French are co-operating with us by sending in reports from their territories to the Locust Committee in England, which collates the information for the benefit of all parties concerned; and international conferences on the subject are held periodically.

As a matter of fact, the shrinkage of the world due to improved communications is making international co-operation in science and research (as in many other fields) even more pressing. Let me just recall the fact that the League of Nations

has a Health Section, and that this is co-operating with other interested bodies to investigate the possibility of spreading diseases, such as yellow fever, by aeroplane, and to lay down regulations to minimise the danger. It has also undertaken important special investigations, such as that into the best methods of getting rid of malaria in Europe; and it has further done valuable work in regard to biological and medical standardisation.

Diabetes is essentially an inability of the tissues to utilise the sugar circulating in the blood, which is the main source of fuel for their vital energies. The way insulin helps in diabetes is by making it possible for the tissues to do this. If you don't give enough insulin, the diabetic symptoms are not removed. If you give too much, serious consequences may ensue. So before insulin could be safely prescribed, it was absolutely necessary to have it standardised. It is a tribute to the accuracy with which this was done that it can be, and is now, so widely used in practice without any ill effects. The standardisation was done under the auspices of the Medical Research Council, soon after the War. It soon became clear that standardisation on an international scale was desirable, and it was soon arranged that this work should be supervised by the Health Organisation of the League of Nations. The actual standardisation is farmed out to different countries. This country, as a matter of fact, has been entrusted with more of this work than any other, and it is impressive to see, in the National Institute at Hampstead, a case containing the actual biological standards of about twenty important biological preparations, kept there as the standard yard and pound are kept at the Board of Trade.

International standardisation, of course, also exists on the physical side. For instance, the National Physical Laboratory is collaborating in a scheme for determining a new international standard of length in terms of that most fundamental natural property, the wavelength of a particular kind of light.

Of course, the progress of pure science has always been to a very large extent international. To start with, scientific journals circulate all over the world. In biology alone, some 60,000 separate scientific communications are published every year, not to mention over 1,000 books; so that one of the most pressing needs of science is the provision of a really good abstracting and summarising service—journals which give brief but reliable abstracts of all papers published, and others which provide well-written critical *résumés* of recent work in particular fields. Much has been done in this direction, but there is still great room for improvement. Then, of course, there is interchange of knowledge by means of international congresses and meetings. In almost every branch of science these are held at intervals of a few years, in different countries by rotation.

It is, I think, fair to say that while in pure science international co-operation is the rule, in applied science, with a few notable exceptions, it is only just beginning. And I don't mean only in regard to industry and agriculture, I mean also in regard to health, population problems, economics, disarmament, the development of backward areas, and general administration. It is just in these fields that a truly scientific policy is most needed, but also just where it will be most difficult to get it, because policy in regard to them is inevitably coloured by the outlook of economic rivalry and political nationalism. In this we have a good example of the way in which science is limited in its scope and its usefulness by political and social structure, and yet at the same time influences that structure. If science could be applied on the international scale as thoroughly and efficiently as it often is within a single business or a single industry, the most astonishing progress could be made in every field of human activity and human happiness; but it cannot be, owing to the difficulties arising out of the existing world system, with its rivalries and jealousies and exploitations, due to the combination of private profit and national sovereign states. On the other hand, science is influencing the world structure. Its applications are making frontiers look ridiculous, and war ever more and more appalling. Its findings and its inevitably international outlook are gradually penetrating general consciousness and showing up the stupidities of nationalist restrictions and rivalries. Science, as much as any other force, is making for the breakdown of the system which has given it birth, and in whose bounds it is now confined and cramped. Though for the time being it may be exploited for sectional ends, and may actually intensify present rivalries, in the long run it is hard to see how each new advance in science can help preparing the way, however deviously, and through however much of preliminary chaos, for the world-state.

The Council of the Poetry Society has endorsed and become responsible for the appeal made by the Vicar of Clevedon for subscriptions towards a memorial in Clevedon church to Arthur Henry Hallam (who is buried in the church), the centenary of whose death has fallen this year. The memorial will take the form of a decorated window in the transept of the church; contributions towards the cost should be sent to The Treasurer, The Poetry Society, 36 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Photography, Decoration and Commerce

Examples from the exhibition held in the London office of Lund, Humphries and Co., intended to show the developments in photography as a decorative art in itself and as a unit in the structure of commercial art when allied to design and typography. The photographs reproduced are the work of Francis Bruguiere, some in collaboration with E. McKnight Kauffer



Current Musical Topics—VI

Covent Garden Opera

By FRANCIS TOYE

SINCE writing my July article on the future of opera in this country there has been a change of first-class importance in the situation. At that time considerable stress was laid on the necessity of a thorough overhauling of the organisation at Covent Garden, especially with regard to the Italian Season. Now a completely new administration has been installed in power and everybody seems to be ready to give them advice on almost every point, often with a blissful disregard of the practical difficulties, material and artistic, that any operatic management has to face.

I have pointed out elsewhere how remarkable is the public interest in the doings of Covent Garden. Newspapers tumble over one another in their anxiety to secure confidential information; everything connected with it seems to be 'news', which is very much not the case where other musical enterprises are concerned. This is a tribute, doubtless, to the glamour of opera in general and Covent Garden Theatre in particular. For my part I would not have it otherwise. There should be a certain glamour about an important Season of International Opera. Opera of this kind has always had a social as well as a musical tradition. Truth to tell, there is nothing democratic about opera at all. The form was invented by aristocrats; the princelings of Germany and the noble families of Italy; the Court of Versailles and the munificence of Napoleon were responsible for its patronage and development. In so far as democracy has helped opera at all, it has only done so by continuing the traditions of an aristocratic regime. I have always felt, therefore, that the sneers levelled at the social brilliance of Covent Garden are pretty cheap. Even the Wagnerites might remember that without a certain King of Bavaria, mad as he may have been, Wagner would never have been installed in his present pontificate.

If I am told that the man in the street dislikes the fashionable associations of Covent Garden I can only say that I do not believe it. On the contrary he always seems to me to take a vicarious pleasure in the elegance and the reputation of what remains, all things said and done, one of the most famous opera houses in the world. They come to him a kind of symbol of national well-being; they are a tribute to London's prestige. He may only be able to afford to go to Sadler's Wells, but he likes to know that Covent Garden is there—a possibility, a hope, an ideal.

Such general interest and enthusiasm are, of course, wholly to the good. It is when we come to the well-meaning but usually unpractical suggestions, which make their appearance from time to time in the press or round the dinner table, that the trouble begins. Most of the people who write and talk about opera have usually the haziest idea, to begin with, as to what opera costs. The huge deficits in Rome, Milan, Vienna and Berlin, which have to be made up from public subsidy or private generosity, would, in all probability, come as a surprise to many of them. Opera on the Covent Garden scale is a luxury and will always so remain. As a matter of fact London gets this particular luxury at a remarkably low cost as compared with most other capitals, but, if London decides that luxuries are henceforward to be superfluous, there will be no more Covent Garden; and that is that.

Then there is the failure to understand at all the problem of correlating the repertory and the singers. You cannot settle on a repertory and then just go out and choose this or that soprano, contralto, tenor or bass to interpret the various roles in it. At least you can do so, but either you have to engage so many sopranos, tenors, and basses that the cost would be prohibitive or some of the performances must be inferior. Singers have nothing in common with the standardised products of the department store. They all have their idiosyncrasies and individual characteristics; few of them know more than two dozen operas or so; none of them, except again, of course, at an exorbitant fee, is ready to be engaged for only one performance. Many of them, also, it is too often forgotten, have contracts of long standing, which prevent your engaging

them just when their services are required. All these various factors have to be juggled with, so that at one given time a management can secure the services of the greatest number of competent artists available to interpret the various principal roles of the repertory it has in mind.

Inevitably the repertory has to be altered to fit in with the singers available, just as the singers themselves have often to be chosen with an eye on the repertory. It is all exceedingly complicated, a task requiring unending patience and tact, considerable knowledge, and a good deal of imagination. The notorious intrigues and jealousies of the singers themselves make the task more complicated still. Singers are a difficult race, and I quite understand those who lose patience with them. Unfortunately—or fortunately, according to the point of view—good singing is what matters most in opera. Nothing, not even a good orchestra or a production of outstanding beauty, is any real substitute for it. The day when there are no more good singers will end in the Twilight of Opera. Indeed, perhaps the best justification of Opera as an art form is that it is by far the most satisfactory cradle and nursery of Song.

When it comes to a question of repertory everybody has his own ideas. The Mozart enthusiast wants this; the Wagner enthusiast that; the Verdi enthusiast something else. Then there are the partisans of the New-at-any-price who continually urge the claims of contemporary operas.

Now in theory these people are right. In the periods when opera most flourished it was contemporary composers, not the composers of a past generation, who provided the great popular successes. The fact that we today hark back so continually to the works of the old giants, like Verdi and Wagner and Mozart, is in reality a confession of sterility. Now that Puccini is dead, Richard Strauss, an old man of seventy, is the only living composer of operas who counts for anything at all. There appeared in *The Times* the other day a statement to the effect that the inhabitants of Central Europe were as familiar with some half-a-dozen contemporary operas mentioned by the writer as they were with 'Tristan' and 'Aida'. I am wholly unable to believe this. Some of the operas mentioned, notably 'Schwanda', have achieved a certain measure of popular success, but I would wager that at least two of the others had not in three years achieved as many performances in the whole of Germany and Austria as have 'Tristan' and 'Aida' in any one of the major capitals. This is a matter of regret, not of congratulation; it would be far better if Berg and Hindemith and the rest were able to establish themselves as popular favourites. The only one of them who came within measurable distance of it was Krenek, whose 'Jonny Spielt Auf' triumphed gloriously in Central Europe for a year or two, but now seems to be as dead as mutton. In Italy the story, *mutatis mutandis*, is the same.

The fact of the matter, patent to anybody who has studied the subject without bias, is that the repertories of the leading opera houses in the world differ very little. Each country has its own specialities, of course, but, generally speaking, there are always the same old Wagner, Verdi and Puccini operas; the same two or three French operas; the same occasional Mozart, the same exceptional Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky or Borodin. And the reason is only too clear: these are the operas that everybody wants to hear.

Needless to say, no management is thereby justified in refraining from experiment altogether. On the contrary, in my view, at any rate, every opera season should always include one contemporary work and one revival of some wholly or half-forgotten masterpiece. Enlargement of the operatic repertory is very necessary; every attempt to effect it is to be praised and encouraged. But do not let us be under any illusion. It is not, as a rule, a popular proceeding to try and lead people off the beaten track. It is a duty, a pleasure maybe, but it is in no wise profitable. If anybody doubts these facts let him get hold of the figures of all the various operatic performances in Germany during the past two years.

God and the World through Christian Eyes—XXIV

The Vision of God

By the Rev. Dr. K. E. KIRK

Dr. Kirk is Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford

TURNING over the pages of an old exercise book the other day, I came across a passage of Cicero which countless generations of schoolboys must have laboured to translate from Latin into English. It was headed 'Teach me to forget'; and it told how, nearly 500 years before Christ, an ingenious Greek inventor approached the great Athenian Themistocles, and offered to sell him the secret of a system of memory-training so infallible that 'he would be able to remember everything he wished to remember'. Themistocles' answer is one which goes almost to the root of all true education: 'How much happier I should be', he said, 'if you could teach me to forget the things I want to forget'. For even the educationist of today sets out to help us to learn what Dr. Weldon has called 'the value and the blessedness of forgetting'. 'Very few of our past experiences', he says, 'are worth recalling as such—the recollection of them is simply to waste life'. Everyone must recognise the truth of this. We all know from bitter experience the interminable flood of empty trivialities which flows from rattlepate memories such as those of Miss Bates or Mrs. Nickleby—memories so overloaded with the rubbish of past experience that they have no capacity either to receive or to retain knowledge of real worth. The wise man is indeed the man who can forget at will such things as there is no purpose in remembering.

But the words 'Teach me to forget' have an even deeper meaning for the Christian. Above all else in this life we need to forget *ourselves*, and there is nothing in the world which it is harder to forget. A child at its first party—a curate preaching his first sermon—a bride giving her first At Home—by their pleading eyes, their nervous hands, their stammering platitudes, they make it clear for all to see that they cannot be their *real* selves just because they cannot forget themselves. The same is true of life's major issues—its principles, crises, and decisions. What does 'conversion' mean? It means that hitherto we have thought of no one but ourselves, our own desires and interests; and now we must begin to forget ourselves, and think of God and of our neighbours. What is it that makes spiritual or moral progress difficult? Is it not principally the fact that each lapse, however slight, into the old sins, each new failure to overcome temptation, each faltering of resolution, forces the soul back upon itself again? It remembers all the past, and cries, 'I have fallen once more; if indeed I am so weak, so frail, what hope can there be for me?' And so it slips a step further down the hill of self-conscious despair.

Most dangerous of all perhaps, because most difficult to discern, is the way in which this primacy of self obtrudes even into the consciousness of those who have begun to gain the victory over sin. The Pharisees of the gospel were not evil men; they were something more unnatural still—they were good men who prided themselves on being good. Pharisaism will last as long as the world does. One of the hardest things in life is to gain a victory over sin without at the same moment feeling pride in one's victory—and spiritual pride was the sin by which the angels fell. Such pride is the parent of what we call self-complacency—a state of mind in which we are content with our moral achievements, plume ourselves on our virtues, and even in the moments in which we try to serve others and to think of their needs, condescend towards them as experts towards amateurs, as creditor nations towards debtor nations, as good Samaritans towards helpless wayfarers. It is a bitter fact that the man who comes to serve so often stays to domineer. That this kind of condescension must have evil results upon our own natures is clear enough; and in those whom we are attempting to 'help' or 'serve' it breeds too often an irritated resentment, a sullen ingratitude, which goes far to rob our efforts of any good results they might otherwise have had. It is at least arguable that the blatant self-advertising programmes of would-be philanthropists, however well meant, have caused as much trouble in the world as all the perversions of greed and selfishness. To *condescend* to those who need one's help is to exploit their souls in the interest of one's own spiritual self-importance, as surely as their labour was exploited at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution.

Everywhere, it would seem, we are imprisoned in the net of Self. Even if conversion means escape from a life of self-seeking egoism, the way of the converted sinner who now tries to live according to the law of Christ is menaced on the one hand by the danger of a self-pitying incompetence, and on the other by that of a self-righteous complacency; and it is hard to say which of the two is the more distressing disease. And all because we cannot forget ourselves! Christianity, no doubt, has explored this problem more fully than any other religion, but in one

form or another the pre-Christian religions were well aware of it, and in one form or another they all pointed to the same solution. The only way, they told the world, by which we can escape from ourselves and forget ourselves, is the way of worship: that door at least stands open.

The Way of Worship

How fully Christianity accepted this view, how emphatically it proclaimed it, may be read in the New Testament. By 'worship', I suppose, we mean the dedication of self to another—the offering to him, or her, or it, of the whole personality—heart, imagination, will, and purposes, all in one. And where such an offer becomes effectual, man does indeed 'forget himself'. So when a husband truly 'worships' his wife, as he has promised to do in his marriage vow, he forgets the weariness or drudgery of the office or the field in the joy of working for her; and the wife does the like by her husband. Or, when we speak of a child 'worshipping' its parents, we mean that it hangs upon their every word and look and action, and attempts in its childish way to anticipate each one of its father's needs, to repay each one of its mother's caresses, with a new act of loving service. It is no accident that the New Testament speaks of the proper relation of Christians to God as identical with that of children towards their father, and makes the marriage of husband and wife the visible symbol of Christ's union with His Church. For rightly understood the New Testament is from end to end one great record of worship—one great invitation to worship. It opens with the worship of shepherds and angels at Bethlehem: it closes with the worship of the redeemed in heaven. The great events of our Lord's earthly life—the Nativity, the Transfiguration, the Resurrection, the Ascension—are hedged about by worshippers, human and angelic. And throughout questions about worship throng to the front—'Where is God to be worshipped—in this mountain or in Jerusalem?' 'God is a Spirit, so can He be worshipped other than in Spirit and in truth?' 'How can we worship an unknown God?' To these and similar problems the New Testament writers address themselves. They tell the world of a God who is truly worshipful—a God who, if men turn to Him, will help them to forget themselves, will grapple their hearts with the 'cords of a man', and draw their worship to Himself as surely as the sun draws water from the sea.

'A God who is truly worshipful'—there is more in that phrase than meets the eye. To the culminating moment of all worship—the foretaste of the eternal joys of heaven—the ancient world gave the beautiful name of 'seeing God'. It is very easy to discern what was meant by this. We have all known moments when, after a weary climb of many hours uphill, we have reached a mountain top, and seen the vast landscape of the countryside spread out at our feet—its undulating plains stretching away towards the horizon, and each village, lake and coppice dwarfed to the tiny proportions of a toyland panorama. At such a time it is possible, if only for an instant, to forget all bodily fatigue in the joy of achievement; to forget even the mental cares and spiritual lethargy of our ordinary life from day to day; and in complete though momentary unselfconsciousness to experience a kind of revival of the entire personality. Even the beginner in the art of worship has had analogous adventures of the spirit, and has from time to time been swept away by a rapture in which self is wholly set aside. In experiences of this order—so the seers of the old world said—a man had 'seen his God'; and seeing Him had for the moment forgotten his human frailties and entered into union with the Divine. And they could think of no other specific or medicament for the ills from which mankind suffers, to equal this vision of God in efficacy.

'They Shall See God'

Christianity took up the time-honoured phrase and teaching—Jesus himself endorsed it when he called the pure in heart blessed, because they should 'see God'. But here, as in everything else, the Church was not content with a mechanical repetition of formulas borrowed haphazard from other religions; it transformed whatever it touched, as with a magician's wand. So the New Testament said, in effect, 'Worship the God of Jewry, and you will come to see Him; but you will see Him with the eyes of a Jew. You will see Him as the all-powerful autocrat of the Universe, before whom "man cannot answer one in a thousand"'. The vision may rob you of all thought of self, but what will it make of you? It will beget in you a passive fatalism—the fatalism of one who from the vision of God has learnt

that he is powerless to guide his own life, either for good or ill; that he is nothing but clay in the hands of the omnipotent Potter. And so—we may imagine the Christian missionary continuing—to one who worships God after the pattern which Judaism has given him, the old saying comes true, that to see God means death. For worship of this fashion, though it brings self-forgetfulness, inspires no new hope or courage into the worshipper. He bows in awe before the Throne, but it is the awe of one to whom God seems terrible, rather than merciful; it paralyses action and turns resolution into impotence. It is a vision to be dreaded rather than to be welcomed!

Then, turning to the Greeks, the Church seems to say: 'What are your gods, O Greece? They live in the perpetual and self-centred calm of Olympus, contemplating their own perfection, aloof from human needs, spending eternity in a purposeless round of carefree happiness. Worship them after this pattern, and you may see them; and perhaps you too will attain the rapture of self-forgetfulness. But once more it will be an ineffective rapture. From the gods whom you worship you will catch no inspiration to newness of life, to the service of others: you will long for nothing except a repetition of the ecstasy you have experienced. So your lives will become isolated, visionary, anti-social; and your worship, far from fitting you to discharge your true function in the world, will render you useless. If we are to desire to see God in worship, then He must be a God who can make our worship fruitful in charity and loving-kindness. No other God is worthy of our adoration'.

That is what I meant when I said a moment ago that Christianity told of a God who was truly worshipful. Nothing could be more certain than that the worshipper takes his tone from that which he worships. There is a sense in which we can be said to worship things trivial and ignoble—money, for example, or position, or popular applause, or power for power's sake. But such worships only make our lives trivial and ignoble too. We 'forget ourselves', perhaps, in our quests and enthusiasms, but it would have been better to remain in the wearisome path of self-conscious effort than to attain self-forgetfulness by methods such as these. There is no question but that Christianity has always placed worship at the very centre of life. But in doing so it has never forgotten the supreme importance of sound belief about God. For according as we conceive worthily or unworthily of the God whom we worship, so do our lives become worthy or unworthy of the purposes for which they have been given us.

'In the Face of Jesus Christ'

When the first Christians worshipped, they were filled with the consciousness of the presence of Jesus whom they had known on earth. In their own words, they saw 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ'. God had manifested His true character in Jesus, as a God in whom love and mercy and ceaseless activity for the salvation of man take precedence over mere demonstrations of majesty and power. It is worth noticing how sedulously, how jealously, the Christian Church has guarded the priceless heirloom of this conception. We are apt to think that it is only the present generation which has caught up the torch lit by the original evangelists, and has realised that the gospel story, with its lifelike picture of the humanity of Jesus, alone can provide us with the true account of what God is like—with the conception of God which above all others makes worship efficacious. In this, as in many other things, we are ungenerous to the past. We need only to read a few pages of the *Little Flowers of St. Francis*, or the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius of Loyola, or the *Devout Life* of St. Francis de Sales, to recognise how constant the tradition has been through the whole history of Christendom. If worship is to have the purifying and ennobling effect which the world has always attributed to it—if it is to send us forth again as better men and women, more serviceable to our neighbours by the very fact that our service is no longer self-conscious—then it must be a worship of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. For nowhere else except in Christianity has God been so fully presented as at once all-pure and yet loving and merciful towards the sinful; at once purposive and yet long-suffering; at once creative and yet calling for man's co-operation in all that He does among men.

So the test of whether a man has indeed 'seen God' in his worship is a practical one. It is the test: *Does worship make him a better man*—'better', both because he has become less of an egoist, less of a self-critical neurotic, conscious more of his own failures than of anything else, less of a self-righteous Pharisee, but 'better' also, because more active in his Master's service? And if this is the test of 'seeing God', then the criterion which the old world employed was a misleading one. To the Jew, as also to the Greek, 'seeing God' ('real worship', as we might say) meant experiencing a rapturous and ecstatic wave of high emotion—a joy beyond all other joys in intensity; a joy so profound that words could give no utterance to that which was discovered there. Christianity, it cannot be too often said, abolished this test of the reality of worship once and for ever. If a man was progressing in spontaneous purity and service without thought of self, then he had worshipped in the fullest

sense, whatever experiences he might or might not have had at the time of worship. The Church never denied that God gave moments of inexpressible joy to those who worshipped Him, or that such moments were transcendently precious. What it *did* deny, and that with the utmost emphasis, was that the presence or absence of such sensuous emotion had any bearing upon the reality of worship. What mattered was not so much that a man could say that he had 'seen God' (—how many of us can say that with any real conviction?—) but that others could say of him that he was *looking towards God*, and by reason of that 'looking' was becoming a new man. The test of all worship—the result for which we shall pray whenever we turn to worship—is simply newness of life. Any other test than that is misleading and disastrous.

Worship and Life

There are so many of us who still think of religion as primarily a source of personal joy, relief, or consolation, that it seems necessary to enforce this truth with all the emphasis at our command. It is so easy to tell the beginners in the Christian life that prayer will bring to them a rapture such as they have never known before. It is so natural, again, that they should receive this message gladly, and perhaps for a while experience something corresponding to their expectation. But very little insight is required to see that the vast body of lapsed Christians is in large part made up of those who came forward with this hope uppermost in their minds, and then found, sooner or later, nothing but a bitter disillusionment. It is all because we have placed the accent in the wrong position. Christian worship does from time to time bring joy indescribable: but it is not for the attainment of that joy here on earth that men are called to worship. They are called to worship simply and solely because, if they look resolutely towards God, their lives will become more and more worthy of Him.

May I remind you of St. Paul's method of enforcing this truth? He himself had had 'visions and revelations of the Lord'. He had been 'caught up into the third heaven—into Paradise—and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter'. But of all this he refuses to say anything, 'lest any man should account of me *above that which he seeth me to be*'. That is all that matters about worship—what sort of folk do God and man *see us to be* after we have worshipped? St. Paul himself tells us. His converts sometimes longed after the strange experiences of these mystic states—'speaking with tongues' (or, as we express it nowadays, the utterance of inarticulate cries of rhapsody forced out by excess of devout emotion), and the 'gift of prophecy'; they wished to possess the key of 'all mysteries and all (occult) knowledge'; they wished for a 'faith' which should make no miracle too hard for them to perform. But the apostle takes a stern and sure way with them: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels', he says, 'but have not *love*, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not *love*, I am nothing. . . . Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil, rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth'. To substitute 'mysteries', or 'prophecy' or 'occult' knowledge, or 'spiritual consolations', or 'ecstatic pleasures', for *love* as the test of true worship—no mistake could be more tragic than that. And love is at its best when it is spontaneous and carefree; not weaving laborious philanthropic programmes, but leaping without calculation or afterthought to the loved one's side.

The 'Everlasting Rest' of the Saints

It is the constant Christian tradition that, like the angels, the saints in heaven look always on the face of God in adoring worship. In a prosaic age like ours, this description of man's ultimate goal and good seems often too sentimental and effeminate to fire the imagination. But think of worship—of 'seeing God'—in terms of the love which should be its fruition, and the picture changes. We cannot guess what service God will demand of the spirits of just men made perfect. But that their worship of Him will continue, in heaven as on earth, to go forth in active co-operating love, we cannot doubt. The 'Saints' everlasting rest' is not an endless day-dream; it is a continuation of the loving service they have rendered to God on earth. We call it 'rest' indeed; but it is 'restful' simply because it is never 'restless'—it is the natural, inevitable, frictionless outcome of perfected worship. We have seen it sometimes in the lives of those whose religion has been most real to them while they were still among us; and seeing it, have realised that they above all others are worthy of the name of Christian. That redeemed humanity shall some day in united adoration serve God with the same unreflecting, unhesitating love, is the fullest description of eternity that religion can offer to man's frail imagination. It is the last gleaming picture revealed to us as we attempt to look at God and the world through Christian eyes.

Art

English Painting

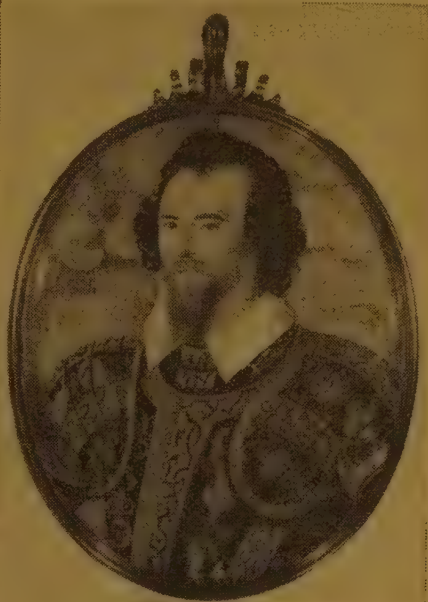
By KENNETH CLARK

In anticipation of the Exhibition of British Art which opens at Burlington House on January 6, we publish a survey of English painting from the tenth century to the nineteenth, by Mr. Kenneth Clark, Director-elect of the National Gallery, and a photogravure supplement of pictures selected from the Exhibition

ANY writer on English art must be tempted to begin by describing modes of feeling and expression which would give unity to his subject, and perhaps it is possible to find the same qualities of lyricism, freedom and grace in a great proportion of our painting. But I confess that this method seems to me entirely misleading. The traditions of English art have more than once been completely lost. Centuries have passed in which practically all the influential artists have been foreigners or have worked in a foreign style. And although the expression of feelings which we now recognise as typically English is observable as early as the late fourteenth century, we can hardly speak of an English style of painting until the time of Hogarth. This is not to say that the earlier schools of English art were bad: on the contrary, from the seventh to the eleventh centuries England occupied a position in European art which she has never held since. Why this outlying province of a barbarous world, this remotest sunset speck hardly touched by the central light of Byzantium should have produced finer work than her neighbours who were soon completely to outstrip her, is a puzzle which historians (and, in particular, French historians) find it difficult

The first thing that will strike anyone about the tenth—and eleventh—century English illuminations is their extraordinary vitality achieved by a free and vigorous style of drawing.

Instead of the dull and flaccid outline of Continental schools, the English illuminator used a darting, flickering line, capable of great audacities, but also of great precision, and some of the most impressive works of the period are the pure line drawings, such as the wonderful Crucifixion in the British Museum (Harley MS. 2904). When colour is added it is in subtle schemes of green, grey and



The Earl of Cumberland—miniature by Nicholas Hilliard (1537-1619)
Colonel H. G. Sotheby

purple, having almost the intensity of El Greco and quite unlike the cheerful crudities of most early illuminations. In the eleventh and early twelfth centuries the fluttering calligraphy gradually calms down, and in its place there is greater emphasis on pattern. The actual character of the forms recalls the rhythm of Celtic art, with its love of circles and loops, and peacock's-feather designs, and such a painting as the magnificent Jesse tree in the twelfth-century Bible in Lambeth Palace Library has an obvious affinity to a Celtic mirror-back which distinguishes it from anything in continental art.

Up to the middle of the thirteenth century English painting (at least as it is reflected in illuminated manuscripts) was at the centre of European art, independent without being provincial, absorbing rather than absorbed. But it was no longer alone, and at the period of its greatest achievement—the period of Matthew Paris and the great Apocalypses (c. 1260)—the balance changes, and France, from having been the imitator, becomes the master. Westminster Abbey, the most self-consciously artistic creation of the period, is built on a French model by French masters, and for almost a hundred years the bulk of English illumination is only distinguishable from French by a



The Duke of Monmouth—miniature by Samuel Cooper (1609-1672)
By gracious permission of H.M. the King

to explain. The fact remains that works of the Winchester school of illumination, the Benedictional of St. Aethelwold (975), for example, have a mastery and vehemence of beauty far beyond any contemporary painting outside Constantinople.

growing inferiority. By 1350 it seems almost to be extinct, whether from lack of patronage, or from the Black Death, or from one of the periodical waves of iconophobia which overtake these islands, we cannot say. But under Richard II

it has a short revival which is of interest because then, for the first time, we recognise a mood made familiar by the English art of later periods. A shy grace, a restraint, and, we must admit, a certain amateurishness, which was not visible in the twelfth-century illuminations, appears in those of Chaucer's anonymous contemporaries, reminding us of early Gainsborough and the eighteenth-century water-colourists.

When this revival is over we enter upon the dark ages of English art. While in the rest of Europe new ways of seeing and feeling, and a new freedom of understanding created the art of the Renaissance, England was engaged in the Wars of the Roses and the painful decay of her old social system. The result was a break in her tradition which could not be repaired; and for two centuries painting in England was almost entirely in the hands of foreigners. We claim their work as English in inverse ratio to its merit. I mean that Holbein and Vandyck are such great individual artists that we cannot pretend to find any trace of English influence in their work. But with lesser men, with Lely even, we can say that the character of their patrons had a perceptible influence on their style, so that we can point to certain qualities which distinguish an English portrait, even when it is painted by a Flemish artist. In the Tudor period this distinguishing quality might be defined by the word *heraldic*. A portrait is conceived in the same vein of bright flat colour and simplified drawing as the sitter's coat of arms which, in fact, usually decorates the corner of the picture. At its best, as in the Sir Edward Hoby, this is a gay, decorative style, which we are sorry to exchange for the dull imitations of Vandyck current in the next century. Then the only national distinction is a reluctance (or inability) to affect the more showy graces of Vandyck, a certain reserve which gives to the best seventeenth-century portraits a pleasant seriousness. There was, however, one branch of painting in which, during the late sixteenth century, native masters created an independent tradition; I refer to the portrait miniature. Nicholas Hilliard, starting from the miniatures of Holbein, evolved an exquisite style in which to express, or we might say, compress, his truly Elizabethan fancy. The Olivers, without ever equalling him, maintained his tradition, and in the next century Samuel Cooper, using the more pictorial style of his day, surpassed all contemporary portrait painters in vigour and feeling for character.

The first twenty-five years of the eighteenth century saw English painting at its lowest ebb, and the traditional view which represents Hogarth as the founder of our painting is fundamentally correct. His Englishness is innate, not imposed by patrons, positive not negative. And as with so many of the painters who succeeded him we find ourselves saying, 'How much better he might have been if only . . . '—in Hogarth's case if only he had not painted such unattractive subjects. By this I do not mean simply that he painted scenes of low life, but that he treated them with extraordinary coldness and brutality, and that often the turn of his story demanded a subject with practically no pictorial possibilities. As a painter he was at his best in delicate passages—a child's complexion or a white apron over a lavender dress—and as a portrayer of character he was capable of a subtlety which was often lost in the coarser and more violent scenes. There are few Hogarths without some passage of delicious painting—the raw meat in 'Calais Gate' for example—but few are good all through. We cannot grumble that he chose to represent contemporary life in all its detail, but what would we not give for a few more 'Shrimp Girls', and many more studies like the enchantingly English 'Servants' in the National Gallery! How much more power over our hearts those plain faces have than his best contrived moralities! Space does not allow me to mention the work of genre painters who surrounded and succeeded him, the Richardsons and Smolletts of contemporary painting, but I must not omit the name of one artist who revived at the end of the century something of Hogarth's spirit, Thomas Rowlandson. The fact that Rowlandson used line and water-colour

gives his work greater freshness and spontaneity. His coarseness lacks the repulsive deliberation of Hogarth, and is even, at times, extremely funny. Like Hogarth he is capable of great delicacy, alternating with a gnarled and knotted ugliness which, at its best, is almost worthy of Daumier.

With Reynolds and Gainsborough we enter upon the classic period of English art. Like Voltaire and Rousseau these two great painters are complementary to one another, dividing the triumphs of the intellect from those of sensibility. The taste of the present day which inclines to look on works of art as the product of sensibility and intuition, has seen in Gainsborough the greater artist, and no doubt he was more naturally gifted. His earliest works have a precious quality of paint and a delicacy of perception which hold out more promise than any English artist has ever fulfilled. It would be a mistake to say that Gainsborough fell away from this first beauty; on the contrary his later works, with their graceful transparent touches, as rhythmical as a beautiful handwriting, are amongst the most charming feminine works of art in existence. But something was lost. If only Gainsborough had been less successful, or more independent; if only after his triumphs in Bath he had returned to his native Suffolk, to look rather longer at nature, and even at human features; before reducing them to his melodious shorthand, we should have had an incomparable enchanter. Too often he chose to live on his charm, and we turn with relief from his shiny iced cakes to the noble bread and butter of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At his best Reynolds is a great painter. He has that true mark of greatness—he is not afraid of being a bore, and those who are content with first impressions may never realise how fine an achievement lies behind the breadth, the dignity and the variety of his portraits. Romantic critics have sneered at his desire to make painting a respectable art, and at his solicitude for the social prestige of the Royal Academy, but this was only another aspect of the seriousness of purpose which he brought to bear on each of his works and which gave him his great range. Each sitter was considered as a new problem of characterisation and pictorial effect, with the result that a Miss Crewe, a Lord Heathfield and a Thomas Warton are all equally successful. It is by these qualities of character that Reynolds so often surpasses his rival, but that is not to say that he was deficient in skill: on the contrary his power of recording an elaborate passage of modelling by a few broad and subtle tones, and his skill in disposing light and shade, were of the highest, and it is these, no less than his dignified restraint, which lift him far above his later contemporaries and followers, Romney, Raeburn, Hoppner, Beechey and the rest.

Of these only a few can be mentioned individually, and that in a most cursory fashion. Romney, at his best the most charming of them, has suffered unfairly in the esteem of lovers of painting because he is a favourite with rich men. If a fine Romney was worth a hundredth of its present value we should be content to like it for what it is, a delightful thing to have about the house, prettier than a bunch of flowers and almost as pretty as its subject. We should all have enjoyed looking at Lady Hamilton, and the deficiencies of Romney's style are not so great as to deprive us of this pleasure. The same cannot always be said of Hoppner, whose style can be actively disagreeable, and Lawrence presents an entirely different problem. Indeed, Lawrence is, with Bonington, alone in English art in that he was altogether too skilful. There is a point at which the simplicities, the shy and sensitive stammerings of English painting become tiresome, and that is the moment to turn to Lawrence, whose flashiness and over-emphasis may sometimes be forgiven him for the sake of his technical skill. Raeburn, who had the vulgarity without the skill, remains the least attractive of the list, though, in an imperfect world, even he did some renderings of character which compare favourably with the photographs of Octavius Hill.

The rise of English portrait painting at the end of the eighteenth century can be easily, if not very profoundly, explained by the increased stability and refinement of society;

but the school of landscape painting which grew up beside it was almost independent of patronage. It is perhaps the first instance in history of a phenomenon which was to become common in the next century, an art existing in spite of popular taste. Some impulse may have been given to the practice of landscape in water-colour by the fashion for the picturesque, by the desire to have souvenirs of the Grand Tour, or by the wish to have, as it were, a portrait of one's house and estate. But Wilson starved and Gainsborough's house, on his death, was full of unsold landscapes; even in a later period, when landscape had the patronage of Sir George Beaumont, and young ladies had begun to sketch in water-colour, Cotman and Cox were forced to waste their genius as drawing-masters, Constable depended on the loyalty of a few obscure friends, and Turner, who finally succeeded in popularising the subject, did so by concessions to romantic literature which have gone far to damage his reputation with posterity.

Throughout the history of English landscape we may distinguish two unconscious traditions. There are the painters who have aimed at broad and largely-planned compositions, and there are those who have aimed at the freshness and sparkle of nature. In the first class we must place Cozens and the gentle Richard Wilson, whose love of tranquillity expressed itself in a few broad planes, used with little obvious skill, but with a grave and simple poetry which, to the English eye, excuses his weakness. At the centre of this 'broad' school of landscape were Crome and Cotman, both of whom showed real mastery and power of construction in dealing with large masses of light and shade, though both were led astray by their admiration for masters of detail: Crome by Hobbema and the Dutch, Cotman by Turner and his romantic contemporaries. In this school I would also class Girtin whose best work, his views of Paris for example, combine delicacy with a magnificent breadth, and many of the minor water-colourists, such as Francis Towne and Sandby.

It was, of course, the other school, that of Constable, Cox and, in certain phases, Turner, which was to be the dominant influence in European art. Constable is probably the only English painter whose reputation has never been assailed. Coming at a critical moment in French painting, his influence on Delacroix is one of the most dramatic events in the history of art, and the vigorous originality of his style, developed throughout his life with a noble seriousness and independence, has been the delight of artists ever since. The layman he will always please by his absolute normality. He saw and enjoyed just what we all enjoy in the English countryside, and rendered it with perfect directness. The reverse is true of Turner, whose powers of observation were overlaid by a veneer of romanticism which spoils for us some of his most elaborate compositions. The position is complicated by the fact that Turner had in himself a vein of genuine poetry, clearly seen in his simpler studies and in much of his later work; but at any moment it became entangled with his sham Byronics, and delicate passages of painting are drowned by gaudy colour and redundant rhythm. When all is said, however, Turner remains nearer to Shakespeare than to Byron. His width of sympathy and knowledge of natural appearances are unrivalled, and if a third of his enormous output could be destroyed we should consider him the greatest of English painters.

While Turner was translating into paint the romantic mood of contemporary poetry, other moods, the prophetic and the pastoral, were finding a limited but perfect expression at the hands of William Blake and his school. Blake himself cannot be fitted into any scheme of English art. He had the rare power of visualising a poetic moment with pictorial effectiveness, and his first images are so strong that they survive the rather disagreeable style of drawing current among these artists of the time who attempted the heroic style. This gift of drawing upon mental images, so common in primitive art and so exceedingly rare in the nineteenth century, Blake imparted to at least two of his pupils, Palmer and Calvert; and while they

worked under his influence they produced some of the few pictorial equivalents of English poetry.

Of all eighteenth-century traditions of painting only one survived with any honour—the tradition of genre. The works of Wilkie reflect, it is true, a less distinguished and a less paintable world than those of Devis and Zoffany, but they are at least as well painted. Mulready, with a finer talent, was much more variable and rarely hit on such inventions as his lovely 'Sonnet'; and Frith, though he created a national monument in 'Derby Day', was capable of horrible crudities in colouring and sentiment. The only other considerable painter of the period, Etty, is so outside all categories and traditions that tidy historians have tended to omit him; and it is, indeed, one of the tragedies of nineteenth-century art that a talent almost comparable to that of Courbet should have been ruined by the provincial vulgarity of contemporary taste.

Finally, the pre-Raphaelites prove once again the impossibility of generalising about English art. They have neither the grace nor the freedom of their predecessors, and at their worst—in many of the works of Holman Hunt, for example—they are excruciating. But in the best work of Millais, in Madox Brown at his most direct, and, above all, in the few early drawings and water-colours of Rossetti, the English genius for literature received a sincere expression. We are, after all, a literary people and we should not complain when our painting reflects this side of our character. At least it is better than the false classicism, either of Rome or of Paris, which has more than once been fatal to our painters.

Fistral Bay

THE VISION, THE APPREHENSION

i
Sever, enormous sea
Earth from infinity
Encroaching mutually; surround me

As with the wave I ride
Find myself fortified
Founded on all sides

Bounded, a unity:

A creation insulate
From the corrosive breath
Of invasive death; prohibiting the

Collision of internecine states
As two elements conflagrate
End in ashes, we emulate.

ii
Cover, calm sky
The wrecked echo of the
World, reflectedly

Drifting through the ethereal tide.
As with the last wave I ride
Shores that my sight has descried

Distantly fade, have died:
I am alone on the sea.

GEORGE BARKER

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Books on British Art

By SIR CHARLES HOLMES

EACH of the great Exhibitions at Burlington House has produced its little crop of candidates for popular favour in the shape of essays, guide-books and occasionally more serious volumes. After reading nine or ten of the works produced for visitors to the forthcoming show, I feel rather like an examiner who can see clearly enough the candidates who deserve honours, but finds it impossible to classify the respective merits of those who fall short of the highest standard. So in attempting to furnish a summary guide to the literature of the moment, I shall preface my notes on particular books by awarding a first class (in alphabetical order) to Mr. Baker, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Honey and Mr. Wilenski. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Kendrick, *proxime accesserunt*. Mr. Herbert Read's article in *The Burlington Magazine* for December also deserves special mention as an admirable survey of the subject, though since it is not a book I must not discuss it here.

The cheapest and handiest of the volumes before me is *A Short History of Painting in England*, by Miles F. de Montmorency (Dent, 6s.). By stopping short at 1900, the author manages to compress our art history into a readable and intelligent narrative of some 250 pages. He has a clear grasp of the essentials of our national style, more particularly in its earlier phases, and the choice of his illustrations is much better than their printing. He makes no novel points, does not distinguish always between the creators and the imitators, and makes a few slips. The reader, for example, may well ask who or what was 'Baptist Mary'? And his views seem more old-fashioned perhaps than they really are, if compared with those expressed by Mr. Eric Underwood in his *Short History of English Painting* (Faber, 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Underwood carries his history right up to the present day, so that his readers have no chance of acquiring a merely antiquarian interest in our artistic past. Yet this widening of scope is not altogether an advantage. In his desire to be complete, the author introduces the names and biographies of more artists than his space can comfortably contain, slips and omissions become inevitable, and we get too little of Mr. Underwood himself. This is a pity, because he often displays an enviable power of concise exposition, and a real enthusiasm for the pictorial quality of the works described, which is really more valuable than any amount of potted biography, and much better reading. His companion volume, *A Short History of English Sculpture* (Faber, 7s. 6d.), suffers far more seriously from this defect. Here the masses of material made available during the last two decades have been too much for the author's digestion. The writing is neither so easy nor so accurate as in the preceding book; the balance much more unequal. Too many works are mentioned; too few seem to have been viewed or clearly visualised. Yet the volume is the only compendium of the subject which exists at present, and so should be accepted with the allowances proper to all pioneering.

An Introduction to English Painting by John Rothenstein (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), though it lacks a bibliography, is much more carefully proportioned. Indeed, the text reads a little like a series of intelligent lecturers' notes, providing facts and dates, defining influences from this source or that, and describing the artist's changing environment, but rarely bringing the reader face to face with the artist himself or his handiwork. For that we must turn to the 46 illustrations, for the most part excellent, and reproduced on a scale which fills the entire page, to the destruction of all ideals of book-making, but offering a singular advantage in suggesting scale and rendering details. It was a mistake to represent Constable by the 'Kenilworth': and why give two plates to Dobson, fine artist though he be, when Reynolds is allowed only a head, and Romney, Raeburn and the like are allowed nothing? To those who can afford rather a higher price, Mr. Charles Johnson's *English Painting* (Bell, 15s.), though it is not brand-new (1932), can be cordially recommended as a full, careful and pleasant introduction to the subject; indeed, as a general work of reference also it is surpassed only by the next volume on our list.

Mr. Collins-Baker terms his *British Painting* (Medici Society, 30s.) a 'short popular history'. Compared with the guide-books previously mentioned it is a 'Complete Atlas

and Gazetteer'. Popularity may be presumed for the twelve plates in colour, but a sequence of 160 reproductions in monochrome, many from sources previously unexplored, illustrates the wavering progress of our painting from the seventh to the twentieth century, with a fullness never attempted before, and is enough in itself to make the book unique. The text is no less thorough. It opens with a chapter on mediæval painting by the supreme authority on the subject, the Provost of Eton: Mr. Baker covers the remaining centuries with equal authority. Condensation, made essential by the prodigious number of names and pictures quoted, is relieved by criticism vigorous, original, and invariably inspired by first-hand experience of facts and of pictures. One may not always agree—I think, for example, Mr. Baker might have given a line or two to 'The Scapegoat'—but one is bound to respect the immense knowledge and independent vision implied in his pithy verdicts. The criticisms are supplemented by lists of each master's works in English and American collections, the latter particularly impressive. Mr. Baker's probity may be judged by his refusal to treat British water-colour in detail, from lack of first-hand research. Fortunately, Mr. Binyon's *English Water-Colours*, mentioned later in this article, is at hand to fill any gap thus left by modesty. Generally speaking, the book is a standard work which everyone seriously interested in the subject must have for reference, and which is no more likely to be superseded in its own field than Mr. Baker's *Lely*, his joint volume with Professor Constable, or Colonel Grant's *Old English Landscape Painters*.

As we might expect, Mr. R. H. Wilenski's *English Painting* (Faber, 30s.) is provocative and thoroughly entertaining. It is also handsomely produced, illustrated by 160 plates of admirable diversity, from the very old to the very very new, and is altogether the best thing which the author has yet written. Nevertheless, with all its research and originality, the book should not be regarded as the 'correct card' for the forthcoming exhibition at Burlington House. Of its 300 pages, less than one is enough for the summary dismissal of Hoppner, Romney, Tilly Kettle, Peters, Opie and Lawrence. Nor is the balance elsewhere less drastically weighted for the suppression of those whom Mr. Wilenski does not love. Nothing which has the taint of antiquarianism (how he will enjoy Mr. Baker's first chapter!) or of tradition too obediently followed, deserves more than the bare mention. We must concentrate on the few who were original creative artists, and who possessed in some degree the architectural sense of the moderns. The moderns, indeed, must be our pointers to what of the past calls for any consideration. Even Blake, who approaches, it would seem, most nearly to Mr. Wilenski's ideal creator, is convicted of occasionally refreshing his memory with the sight of prints by or after earlier painters, and so contaminating his natural imaginative gift.

Surely this is carrying things too far? Every creative artist must found his mental imagery upon *something*: either on what he has noticed in the world about him or in other works of art. Even the modernist deity Poussin is not exempt from that common lot. Look at his 'Landscape with Two Nymphs' facing page 224 of Mr. Wilenski's book, and you will see that all its main features are derived from the Carracci.

Yet a notice of a book representing so large a range of reading, and so much original thought, would be unfair if it were merely controversial. Anyone with a genuine interest in the arts, especially if he or she has some practical knowledge of them, will find any number of stimulating and novel ideas in this miscellany of theories, history, gossip and pictorial comparisons. Nevertheless, if the uncle from whom you have expectations is a bit of an antiquary or collects Old Masters, this is not the book to choose for his Christmas present. You should keep it for yourself, and give him Mr. Collins-Baker.

Finally, we may turn to books on special arts or crafts. The first three volumes of Messrs. Black's 'Library of English Art' can all be commended as cheap (7s. 6d. each), handy and trustworthy guides to their respective subjects. *English Needlework*, by that well-known authority Mr. A. F. Kendrick,

covers the whole field, from beginnings which Mr. Wilenski would regard as worse than legendary to the days of L'Art Nouveau. Since William Morris is mentioned, the exquisite work done in this particular field by his daughter might well have been mentioned too. Mr. Binyon's fame as a poet, as a translator of Dante, and as an authority on the graphic arts of the Far East, has of late overshadowed so considerably his earlier studies that we are apt to forget that much of his life was devoted to *English Water-Colours*. His volume on that subject is sufficient to dispel at once any such lapse of memory. In its thoroughness and utilising of modern research it is worthy of a Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings; in its faculty of exposition it is the work of an artist and a man of letters. Mere names, dates and facts only make a text-book. For a true history we must feel that we are in touch with life, and that touch Mr. Binyon, like Mr. Baker, invariably retains. So he can explain a large æsthetic principle in the fewest possible words. For example, when speaking of the limited palette used by some of the early water-colourists he remarks 'Empha-

sis on local colour tends to dissipate the strong impress of a single emotional mood which was Girtin's aim'. The point is one which our polychromatic age too generally overlooks. If Mr. Binyon has to deal with many artists and many varieties of work, the task of Mr. W. B. Honey with *English Pottery and Porcelain* was more complicated still, for the permutations and combinations in the English potter's trade are almost infinite. Of no craft is the inner history so involved, the products so numerous, and so varied from the technical and æsthetic standpoints. Yet Mr. Honey, having a critical eye, a catholic taste which can be entertained even by the trivial or the baroque, and an admirable literary sense, has managed within the compass of some 250 pages to give a concise and readable estimate of what England has done in the world of ceramics, with sufficient detail to make his book a handy work of reference as well. When it comes to be reprinted, as it deserves, a short Introduction or Appendix summarising such technical points as 'body', 'glaze', 'firing temperatures', etc., might help beginners to a grip of first principles.

The Judge's Memory

By G. E. HARVEY

'Jésus? murmura-t-il, Jésus, de Nazareth? Je ne me rappelle pas'.—Anatole France, *L'Étui de Nacre*

DOES a judge ever forget the cases he tries? An appeal which has gone through quickly, yes perhaps. But not an original trial, in which he has watched the faces of the witnesses while the evidence unfolds itself hour after hour; he may think he has forgotten, but it is only latent. True, Pilate did not try Jesus; he was merely exercising a political superintendence, at most a revisional jurisdiction. But even so, he was deeply impressed. No, Anatole France gives rein to his anti-ecclesiastical bias; also, with due respect to so eminent a writer, he had no actual experience.

Take a case from my own experience. Only a humble experience? Yes, but its very triviality proves my point. In Burma, at the end of the War, having long ceased to hold a judgeship, I was cooped up in a sedentary office when, to my delight, they gave me a headquarters revenue inspectorate which allowed me the run of the whole province. Once more I knew the thrill of horseflesh between my knees. I still remember those first few mornings on the open road; they made me feel like a boy out of school.

Before long I found myself at Minbu, an up-country district where I had once been Deputy Commissioner and *ex officio* senior judicial officer. But now I was much happier, meeting people instead of trying them; awe no longer surrounded me, for I was no longer the local ruler, heavy-handed and ever present, but a remote inspector whose visits were so rare as to be welcome and whose functions were so shadowy that folk talked to me quite freely. I even learned about my own old acts, the acts done in my time, and saw them in a new light, for things look different from below: *the toad beneath the harrow knows*. It was a chastening process, and what rubbed it in was the people's forgiveness; only too often I had been hard on them, yet never a trace of ill will did they show when telling me what I really ought to have done.

To spare them inconvenience, I dispensed with guides. It was the law that they should escort you from village to village, partly to do you honour, partly to show you the way. But it often kept them longer from their work than they could afford, and as I remembered enough of the district to find my way unaided, I rode alone. It worked well until one morning, about 8 o'clock, having been out since dawn, I found myself hopelessly lost. The country just here was monotonous scrub, with never a distinguishing feature, and the only roads were faint cart tracks in the sandy soil, easy enough to miss even had I not overrated my powers of memory. The sun rose higher and higher; long before noon the temperature was 110 in the shade—not that there was any—and anything up to 150 outside. The stirrups burned my feet. The roots of my horse's ears seemed to melt like butter in the heat; it was cruelty to ride him, so, although my steps were sometimes painful and the sun stabbed my shoulders like a spear, I dismounted and led him. I now know I was never within six miles of a human habitation, for it was the most desert tract in the whole district, and the few hamlets that had been there in my day had subsequently shifted for lack of water. Whenever I saw or thought I saw smoke, I made for it, only to find the embers of some camping ground which the travellers had left hours before, or a fire caused spontaneously by the rubbing together of a bush's stems

in the scorching wind. Never did I see a human soul till, about three in the afternoon, having been nine hours on my feet without food or water under a murderous sun, I stumbled upon a semi-cultivated field of miserable stunted cotton, and there, at the far end, was a man working, with his bamboo field-hut nearby.

I went up, handed him the reins with scarcely a word, for my plight was obvious, and lay down on the floor of his hut, thanking my Maker for the shade. I must have slept, or fainted, at once, for the next thing I noticed was that the sun was low. I sat up, to find the man paying me every attention possible; he had tethered my horse, unsaddling him and even giving him a little water, such as there was; he had cooked some rice for me over his fire of a few sticks; he had loosened my riding clothes, and now he was washing my feet.

He was just the ordinary peasant you can see in any village of Upper Burma, stripped to the waist for his work, his comely brown back dusty and weatherbeaten, his homespun skirt hitched up round his loins exposing the tattoo that stretched, an unbroken sheet of black, from navel to knee. Next to his gnarled hands, mine were effeminate. I don't suppose he had ever made ten shillings a week in his life.

We talked together awhile. And then, not that I really imagined I remembered him, but just to make conversation, for our stock of mutual ideas was limited, I drew a bow at a venture.

'I seem to remember your face. Haven't we met before? I served in this district years ago'.

'Yes, I know Your Honour's face quite well'.

'Come, how was it we met?'

'You gave me four years' hard. . . . Yes, and I was innocent; too, leastways, as you might say. It wasn't only the four years either. When I came out of jail, I found my wife had died, my home had disappeared, my son—our only child—had emigrated to one of those colony areas down there in the Delta, four hundred miles away. I tried to trace him but failed. Never heard of him again. I am all alone now'.

He described the case, an ordinary cattle theft. The toughs of the village had dragged him into it, needing someone quiet and safe who, though a greenhorn, would do what he was told. When things went wrong, they knew how to keep out of it with the police and left him to face the trial alone; they never even appeared in the evidence. It is they who should have got the four years, each of them, and he at most six months.

I remembered nothing, and had you asked me I would have answered that it was impossible for me to have any recollection of such a thing. Yet before he had spoken half a dozen phrases it all came back to me: the turning points in the evidence; the very handwriting in the police papers; the feeling—one gets it occasionally—that something was being kept back, but that there was sufficient evidence against this man and, dash it all, one must get through the list somehow; there was hardly a feature in the case I could not recall.

Yet it was not one of the bigger cases one naturally remembers. It was not above the average, even in its own dull class, the cattle thefts I had tried by the hundred.

Pilate forget Jesus? Well, really—.

*Voluntary Social Service in Britain**Life in a Settlement*

By BASIL HENRIQUES

Mr. Henriques is Warden of the Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement

ROUGHLY speaking, I suppose a Settlement could be described as a place which makes itself the centre of a defined district, and which is the headquarters for those people who feel, for reasons of their own, that they have a duty and can be of service to their neighbours. Some of them live there. Some work there throughout the day and go to their own homes at night. Others go there during their leisure hours at the end of their working day. All are voluntary; all may be described as men and women who are tremendously keen about the welfare of their neighbour. Thus, it is a centre for social workers, but at the same time it is a centre which sets out to provide for the social, recreational, educational, and spiritual needs of the men, women, and children who live in that prescribed district.

I happen to live in the middle of a vast slum. The only open space where I or any of us living down here can sit quietly is the graveyard. Often after a very long day's work one wishes that one could join the ghosts that haunt it. About a mile away there is a larger space—a rather jolly park with a bowling green and a children's playground. If you are not so old as to be reduced to bowls, nor so young as to enjoy a swing or a roundabout, but really want to let off steam by a game of football, this park is not much use. The next open space is about three-and-a-half miles away, and even in London, with 'buses and undergrounds, this is quite a long journey, and certainly an expensive one if you happen to be very poor. After all, therefore, so long as you keep a good look-out for the policeman, the back streets are really the most convenient football pitches. There are literally streets upon streets of very narrow roadways with the most hideous one-storey houses, with one room on each floor and a room in the basement, which gets its light and air from a grating. Two families generally live in these three-roomed houses. The monotony is varied by high tenement dwellings, not a single one of which has been put up within the last twenty years, so you can imagine what modern conveniences they have.

I happen to be very full of housing conditions at the moment, for we have just started to build twenty-one new flats next door to the Settlement, and the news has spread through the district at a ridiculous speed, and within the last fortnight I have had between three hundred and four hundred applications for these twenty-one flats.

Here is an extract from a letter from one of my club boys. He says: 'The conditions under which we are now living are somewhat bad. A family of nine, which includes a girl of twenty-six and a boy of twenty-two, are all living in a house of two rooms. The house is infested with mice and vermin and the walls are damp'. This boy and his brother were at secondary schools. You can guess what such conditions mean to an educated man or woman. This, I think, is an extreme case. The average is about six in two rooms, eight in three. What I want you to realise is the complete and utter lack of privacy in this kind of living. There is no corner that you can call your own, no corner where you can keep your own belongings. You can't be alone, and privacy is, after all, an important part for self-development. I have gone into all these details about the district because I want you to have some idea of the background of the lives of the people who use the Settlement. I might add to the picture the fact that some of them are in seasonable trades with long periods of unemployment; others are casual labourers; and some again are out of work for months at a time.

I begin work every morning at about nine o'clock, when anybody can come and consult me on any subject they like, and during the year I doubt if there are many aspects of human life upon which we are not asked advice. Advice is about the most one can offer, and this seems very feeble when so much more is needed. I think, however, it has been from hearing at these morning applications what our neighbours needed that most of the Settlement activities have been started, and today our slogan is 'From the beginning of life to death'—for there is an Infant Welfare Centre at one end and a Burial Society at

the other, with activities for every stage of life between these two extremes. Many years ago a little boy of eleven came to me and said, 'Mother said would you mind coming round to her at once as she thinks she would like to have a baby!' Today we have here an Infant Welfare Centre where mothers, as soon as they have such desires, are properly attended to by trained sisters, who arrange for their confinement and visit them and look after the children until they are three years old and eligible for school. During these three years the mother comes as often as she likes to consult the doctor and sisters and to be advised as to the best way of bringing up her children. The sense of intimacy and friendship which one tries to make exist between oneself and those who live in the neighbourhood is perhaps illustrated by the mother of several children who came up to see me some weeks ago. When I asked her how many children she had she replied 'Well, Mr. Henriques, you ought to know!'

There are many kinds of problems connected with children and young persons which we have to try to solve—the sick child who needs nourishment and convalescence; the difficult child who can probably be helped by psychiatric treatment at a child guidance clinic; the delinquent child who has taken to stealing or stopping out late at night or is obviously getting beyond control. In this kind of case we are particularly fortunate, for the probation officer of the Juvenile Court has her office at the Settlement, and she gives the mother her expert advice on the wayward child or young person who is below the age of seventeen. I do want to say here the enormous difference the new Children's Act is going to make in the whole question of difficult boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. Up till now there has been absolutely nothing which a parent could do with regard to her boy, who, at the age of fourteen, was showing signs of getting beyond control. Similarly there was absolutely nothing one could do with regard to boys and girls of that age who had parents unfit to control them. The new Act enables one to bring both of these types of cases before the Court, and will, I believe, eventually have the effect of stopping adult crime to an almost unbelievable extent—but that is another story, though one that particularly interests me as I am a Visiting Justice at Wormwood Scrubs, where young delinquents are sent. One of the biggest child problems is the right placing of the boys and girls when they leave school. So many have not the least idea what they want to be. Who had at fourteen? Those who have made up their minds generally want something for which they are utterly unsuitable.

Many of the people who come in the mornings are those who have cases on either in the County Court or the Police Court. Some of them may be women who are summoning their husbands for arrears of maintenance; wretched creatures—even if they win their cases, quite often it only means the husband is sent to prison, and thereby freed of his debt, and the woman has gained nothing. One woman last week wanted to know what she could do as her husband pawned the children's clothing in order to gamble. If she locked him out of the house she would have no claim for maintenance, as it was not a case of desertion, since the man was quite willing to live with her. If she allowed him in she knew what to expect from him. These rows between husband and wife, due so often to the fact that once the first baby arrives the wife is completely tied to the home and is never able to share in her husband's pleasures, so that he gets bored and fed-up; due sometimes to incompatibility of temperament; and due over and over again to that overcrowding and lack of privacy which I have been emphasising, are terribly difficult and painful cases. By referring them to a voluntary Society which specialises in this work, a good many of such cases are prevented from ever appearing before the ordinary Police Court. Of course we also get a good many long stories of squabbles and rows with neighbours. Sometimes we can bridge these over, but others are advised to make an application to the police court. A large number of those who seek legal advice we refer to the Poor Man's Lawyer, who sits weekly. When the cases are such as to require legal represen-

tation at the court they are referred by the Poor Man's Lawyer to the Bentham Committee, where such legal representation is freely given.

I am always much moved by those who come to us as a last resort when they are threatened with imprisonment as debtors either in respect of non-payment of rates or in default of payment of some other kind of judgment order. But none of these cases is more cruel than those of the young fellows between seventeen and twenty-one who serve sentences in an ordinary prison and are treated as ordinary prisoners, because they cannot pay a fine for such trivial cases as riding a bicycle without a lamp.

But these morning visitors form a very small part of the real Settlement activities. Some of the voluntary workers are school managers or on the school care committees, through which means between them they look after the health of every single child in the district. There are not many homes with which they have not made friendly contact on the subject of the welfare of the child. I have one helper who has done this kind of work for forty-five years. She gets no publicity nor reward, but she is idolised by all who know her. One of us is on the Board of the local General Hospital, some are on the Borough Council, some on the Juvenile Labour Exchange, one on the Apprenticing Committee, another on the Child Rescue Society, another sits on the panel of a Juvenile Court, whilst some try to keep in touch with the voluntary relieving charities.

The Settlement is the centre which sets out to supply the leisure needs of the neighbourhood. There are clubs for children, for boys and girls, for men and women, young and old, right from the age of three onwards. We have now been long enough established for the children of the original members to be old enough to join, and so the great circle of life begins again. Altogether there are nearly two thousand members. They form a corporate whole, but are so divided up that each individual is treated separately. The welfare of each matters greatly. I have told you something of the housing conditions round here. You can see, therefore, that home life is almost an impossibility. The street is the alternative to the home, and it becomes the nursery, the play-room and the lounge for the members of the family, according to their age. The settlement tries to provide them with something better than that. As soon as school is over at 4.30 about four hundred children come to the Play Centre for a couple of hours. A band of voluntary workers organise their games and play with them exactly as they would with their own children. It is quite extraordinary how seldom these children quarrel among themselves. Their unselfishness towards one another is astounding. They are not difficult to amuse, for they are so unused to toys of their own that the smallest things delight them. For the same reason they have learnt to become imaginative and play great games of make-believe. Dancing, singing, painting, reading and ragging help to make the two hours pass fast. When these children reach the age of eight the boys and girls branch off into other activities—the boys into the Cubs and then Scouts and the girls into the Brownies, or if they prefer it, they can join a junior boys' or girls' club, where they remain until they are thirteen, when they become members of the boys' or girls' club proper.

Although the clubs may in one respect be a refuge from the street corner, yet in reality their ideals are constructive and positive. The working boy or girl is just the same as any other boy or girl except that he or she happens to work at the age of fourteen when others carry on their education at that age. Briefly, the clubs set out to provide for these working boys and girls just that kind of education that they are missing. I do not mean that they try to teach and cram facts and knowledge, but to produce and develop wisdom and virtue. They see in each member a creature with a body and mind that need moulding, a body that can be made a fit shrine for the mind and the soul, a mind that can be made fit to control the body and the spirit. The club, in fact, sets out to help its members so that they are able to appreciate to its full all that is best in life, and to contribute to their full all that makes for this best.

We do not try to give direct education. The London County Council commercial and technical night schools do that. We are keen on encouraging boys and girls to go to these schools, but I think it is not out of place to point out that so long as it is legal for a boy or girl of fourteen or fifteen to work as much as seventy-four hours a week or twelve or thirteen hours a day in certain unregulated trades, the State can hardly

expect these young people to be bubbling over with enthusiasm for evening classes, when they finish work in a semi-exhausted condition. It is curious that it should be left to the voluntary organisations to realise the fearful damage to the health of boys and girls who are suddenly called upon at the age of fourteen to do such hours of labour after having been used, up to the age of fourteen, to doing five-and-a-half hours' regulated work a day in school. This gigantic change occurs just at the time when a boy or girl is growing very fast and is having the great physiological upheavals of puberty to face. The voluntary organisations realise what effect all this may have on the health of the child—still more, what effect it will have on him as a man—and therefore many clubs and similar organisations are getting doctors regularly and periodically to examine their members between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. It may interest you to know that during the past eighteen months, out of three-hundred-and-thirteen boys who have been examined, only forty-seven were found not to have some defect which required immediate treatment. In Liverpool eighty-six boys were examined and only six were found not to require immediate treatment. Even if the age for health insurance is reduced to that of leaving school, as is now being done with regard to unemployment insurance, this will not overcome the difficulty. Boys and girls won't go to their panel doctor unless they are ill. What the voluntary organisations set out to do is to prevent illness by discovering symptoms in their very earliest stages, and this can only be done by periodic and methodical medical inspections.

A club is not a place run by the privileged for the underprivileged. It is a place where the privileged and the underprivileged share together in the life of the club and strive together towards the realisation of the club's ideals. It depends upon voluntary contributions for its maintenance and therefore I suppose one has to call it a charity, but any public school or 'varsity man who goes down to the club for the purpose of doing good to the poor is not likely to remain long in a club. There is literally no room for patronage and condescension.

What really happens is, workers and members share together in the club activities. For example, on the physical side they go running through the streets together and together go to swimming and cricket and football. On the purely recreational side, they play together at ping-pong or billiards, at chess or draughts. Above all things they share their hobbies together; it may be stamp collecting or it may be music. They help each other to enjoy literature, to learn to draw, and appreciate art, to take part in drama, to make things, either in woodwork or by carving, or in metalwork, plasticene or basket-work. They debate together, talk over current events together. Everyone tries to be tolerant of and to understand the other person's point of view. This wonderful community life reaches its climax in camp. There, at any rate, the rich haven't a different kind of bed to go home to, nor different food to enjoy. There can one say that all present form one family. There does one understand the Divine Fatherhood that binds mankind together. The whole life of the Settlement is built upon mutual trust, and it is just because each tries to serve the other that no one ever leaves a stone unturned which could help that other along the road of life. No State machine could ever achieve this.

When I started to live down here twenty years ago, after the luxuries of a West-end life and the joys of Oxford, everything seemed absolutely hopeless. These twenty years have proved to me that the Prince of Wales was absolutely right when he said at the Albert Hall two years ago that a problem was much easier when broken up into individual pieces. At any rate, that is the way in which I and my colleagues have been trying to solve the social problems in this district for the past twenty years. We have tackled them by tackling the individual pieces.

My old boys and old girls, though only to be counted by their hundreds, are sufficient evidence of how men and women can triumph over the surroundings of the birth and rise far above them. My Settlement is no better nor very different from the other settlements which are dotted over the country, and my clubs are no better than the hundreds of clubs that are to be found in the towns and cities of England today, but above all what I want you to realise is the perfectly appalling need for more clubs, and the even greater need for more men and women who will come forward inspired by the highest traditions of voluntary social service, to share with their neighbours the joys and sorrows of life.

*The Modern Columbus—IX**Chicago—A City of Vigour and Vision*

By S. P. B. MAIS

Broadcast from Chicago on December 8

IF you were to look for Chicago on an old map—and by old I mean a map published any time before Queen Victoria came to the throne—you would not find Chicago on it at all. It is quite true that 259 years ago the French missionary, Father Marquette, and the 28-year-old explorer, Louis Joliet, in their attempt to find a water-way to the orient, paddled their canoes into the Chicago river, but they founded no city. The village of Chicago was not incorporated until August, 1833, and it is not on the coast, though I find both these facts almost impossible to believe. Every time I open my bedroom window I get an unmistakable sea breeze. Today it is more than a sea breeze; there are not only white horses on the water below, but the waves are beating as high over the promenade as ever they do at Brighton. And if that is not the sea, it is the best imitation I have ever seen. Below my window lies an obvious sea-shore and sandy beach, over which at all hours of the day children dressed in scarlet and white suits escape from their coloured nurses, and dogs of every size and breed, from boarhounds to Boston terriers, scamper away from their owners in order to dash into the waves. How far these waters extend I do not know, because they merge in the distance into a pearl-grey haze. In the summer these beaches must be more than ever like the sea-side, because the whole teeming city of 3½ millions just rushes in bathing suits towards the shore. Now all that remains of last summer is a series of intertwined hearts and initials, moulded out of the once hot tar that is today hard on the edge of the sidewalk above the sands. To convince myself that Lake Michigan was not the sea I had to taste the water. It is quite true, it is not salt. In every other respect it is a good enough substitute for the sea for me, and anyway it is a good deal wider than the English Channel. Naval battles have been fought on it in times past between Indian tribes. Steamers ply up and down it and seaplanes fly over it. At present it turns Michigan Avenue into the loveliest water-front in the world.

In Michigan Avenue you get the whole spirit of Chicago. At one moment there is a wide sea-front with skyscraper apartments and huge private mansions on one side only, overlooking the lake, and the next moment it runs into a sort of Rue de la Paix—a street of fashionable dress shops, jewellers, beauty parlours, and then just when you are getting used to that, there rises in the middle of the street a quite good imitation of a piece of Conway Castle, all towers and turrets of granite. That is the Chicago Water Works. Just ahead of that lies on one side of the street a skyscraper with the delicate filigree work of a mediæval cathedral and on the other a kind of Eiffel Tower. And then it crosses a suspension bridge which rises to let the steamers pass out of the Chicago river into the Lake. By the time I reached the ruins of the Parthenon and the Fountains of Versailles I ceased to be capable of astonishment. I was not in the least taken aback

by the sight of a temple devoted to sun-worshippers. Chicago has achieved beauty by sheer defiance of the rules. Uniformity is not her aim. She has succeeded by experiment and surprise. In the short span of her life she has already sloughed her skin four times. This Chicago that I am seeing is the fifth Chicago in a hundred years, and it is not due so much to the fact that the city is built on sand, or to the great fire which wiped out four square miles of buildings, or even to the World Fair, as to the dynamic restlessness of the people. They tear down to build up better. Proud as they are of Michigan Avenue, they alter it every day. I have seldom seen men work with a better will than those wrecking companies. Demolition, like gardening, has become one of the purest of human pleasures. They waste no sentiment over the architecture of yesterday. They are convinced that theirs must be a better, bolder, bigger and incidentally more beautiful world, and they are quite right. If you poke your nose down any alleyway on the side of Michigan Avenue you will see how much better the new Chicago is than the old.

In her shopping centre—a square known as The Loop—there stands the largest store in the world, Marshall Field; and the Merchandise Mart is the largest public office on earth. I am told that the largest hotel in the world is in Chicago. Now it would not be surprising if all this magnitude, seen with such terrific speed, had developed a certain megalomania in the people. In a city where size and speed matter so much one might reasonably expect a complete neglect of the arts. And that is where Chicago is so fascinating. Whatever you expect you will be wrong. The man of Chicago is the most modest of men. There is ingrained in him the humility of the great artist. He is completely awed and more than a little stunned by what he has done. As he takes you over the innumerable parks, ravines, boulevards and lakeside grounds going down to the water you can see he can hardly believe his own eyes. He still sees the unreclaimed lakes of just a few years ago. It has imbued him with a sense of tremendous respect for the mind and the spirit. How could he, how could anybody, tell when he built those vast uneven skyscrapers for utility, that he was going to achieve an æsthetic effect?

You must not think that they lack reverence for the old in Chicago. Chicago University is not at all unlike Magdalen. It only needed bicycles and grey bags to make me feel that I was back in Oxford. There *was* one thing, though. It is typical of Chicago that the President of its University is so young that I mistook him for an undergraduate. In Oxford I certainly do not associate Vice-Chancellors and Heads of Colleges with youth. The college hall is just like any Oxford or Cambridge college hall, built in the same way. The lofty stone chapel is a superb attempt to provide for this University what King's College Chapel provides for Cambridge. In spite of its great size I found this chapel full, almost to overflowing, on Sunday morning. There must have been a congregation of at least 1,200 listening attentively to the cause of youth being put forward. The exhortation struck me as unnecessary. The undergraduates of this university have almost the highest reputation for scholarship in the country, and their sobriety of outlook is obvious, both in their clothes and bearing. This sobriety extends to all Chicago citizens. On Sunday afternoon I wandered into the Planetarium, and I found a packed audience listening breathlessly to a most ingenious, but to me rather complicated, exposition of the behaviour of the stars, illustrated by fascinating diagrams reflected on the ceiling. I joined a multitude of eager students to go down a coal mine. It was exactly like Chicago to build an entire coal mine, complete with shafts and seams of real coal, under the level of the lake. Then I went on to the Field Museum of Natural History. It is an amazing example of the adaptation of classic design to modern ideas. It is constructed of white Georgia marble, and was inspired by the erections of Athens. I now feel that I need not visit the Acropolis. Chicago has given me my full meed of Ionic columns. The interior of this gem of architecture is even more striking than its exterior. Here I found all the shrubs and fruits and flowers that have so far struck me with their beauty during my dash round this continent, perfectly reproduced in wax, celluloid and cotton fibre. In the same museum there is a masterly drawing depicting all the races of present-day man. As a sharp reminder of whence we came there is a realistic life-size reproduction of our earliest ancestors of 250,000 years ago.

And now a word about the sobriety of Chicago. If ever there was a day when you might have expected the more exuberant to get a little out of hand it was last Tuesday when, as you know,



Backs for beef in the Chicago stockyards

Photograph: J. Dearden Holmes



Michigan Broadway on the lake shore, Chicago

Photograph: E. O. Hoppé

the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed and the citizens of the United States were once more, after an interval of fifteen years, at liberty to drink alcohol and spirits. I have no idea what I expected—something perhaps a little reminiscent of Piccadilly on Boat Race night or Rugger night, but what I saw, like nearly everything else this week, came as a complete surprise. I purposely went out of my way to visit the gayest night clubs; it was certainly gay, but the diners at most of the tables near me were drinking water, as usual. I thought the streets would be more exciting, and went out. The side-walks were, as they always are at that time, completely deserted. The only difference that the repeal has made so far openly is the appearance of a few shops with bottles of wine and spirits in the window—a sight so unusual in the United States that crowds stand quite silently peering in at the windows. Very few enter the shop and buy. Have I made it sound as if Chicago is a very sombre city? There are first-rate cabaret shows going on every evening in every hotel and restaurant. One night at the Stadium I saw 20,000 people gathered together to applaud their favourite radio stars, and discovered that their greatest loves are dance bands and the pair of comedians known as Amos 'n Andy, who command salaries higher than film stars for a turn in which they give out, with extreme happiness, the manner of speech and outlook of two coloured men. Last night I went back to the Stadium in order to watch an electrically exciting ice-hockey match between professionals—the Black Hawks of Chicago against the Maroons of Montreal. The crowd roared without intermission from beginning to end, and proved to me once more how much delight Chicago takes in its play. But in spite of its tremendous and noisy enthusiasm this crowd was a model of orderliness. At least Chicago needs relaxation after its work. There is no doubt that its labour is unusually drastic.

I spent one morning in the Board of Trade watching the brokers in the largest wheat pit in the world shouting the prices exactly like bookies on a racecourse, even to the waving of arms and hand signals. Two fingers held up mean an order for 10,000 bushels. They stand in oatmeal coloured coats on the steps of two circular pits, one of which is reserved for wheat and the other for corn. Two other small arenas are kept for rye and oats. For some minutes there is comparative quiet, and then for no apparent reason they get as excited as a disturbed wasps' nest. They gesticulate and shout wildly for perhaps another minute before settling down once more into a state of subdued buzz. All round the hall are tables containing samples of grain and high

up above are boards chalked with the day's prices in Liverpool, Montreal, Amsterdam and other places. And everywhere there are men rushing about, telephoning. From the wheat pit I went directly to the stockyards, where I saw grey pens of cattle, and long wooden lanes overhead along which the lowing herds were winding their way slowly to the slaughter. It was a nightmare! There was a sinister smell of blood everywhere, and in the far distance there was a continuous squeal. I did not pay this visit for pleasure, but for you, and all I propose to say about it is that the killing of the pigs, cattle and sheep is expeditious. Great skill is exercised in seeing that no part of the animal is wasted. And I found the by-products more interesting than the direct products. These by-products run from tennis racquet strings to soap. You know, I think there is a strong similarity between all methods of mass production. It is mainly a matter of moving platforms and cutting. Chicago makes no effort to hide her seamy side. In a city that has risen in a hundred years from nothing to become one of the seven foremost cities of the world, attracting citizens from every nation, it is only natural that there should be poor quarters. And the contrast between the lovely country houses standing along the wooded ravines on the north side and the tumbledown shanties built by the unemployed on the refuse dumps on the south side is pretty grim. Some say Chicago slums compare favourably with London slums. I am doubtful about that. There still remains a good deal of cleaning up to do in both cities. But the problem is being tackled.

In one poverty-stricken area I found the very counterpart of our own Toynbee Hall—the Jane Addams Settlement of Hull House, which has been running for 44 years. Here I saw how the very poor are encouraged to learn weaving and spinning, to make pottery, paint, to attend lectures, act, dance, to build houses, to sing, to box, to repair shoes, to swim, in short to live more abundantly. No fewer than 6,000 people use Hull House every week, and it is pleasant to realise that these weavers, potters and spinners are enabled through their craft not only to enjoy their leisure, but to earn a livelihood.

It is said that no one comes to live in Chicago without falling in love with it; and it is emphatically a city that likes to be visited. It is disturbing because it is better worth visiting, better worth living in than any other city, and it has the energy to achieve this. The vigour and the vision that have turned swamps into parks, frontier log cabins into skyscrapers and a village into a great city are still alive. Here, if anywhere, is the brave new world in the making.

*Rural Britain Today and Tomorrow—XI**In Cobbett's Day and Now*

A Discussion between Professor J. A. SCOTT WATSON and J. W. SIMMONS

J. A. SCOTT WATSON: On a foggy morning in the end of October, a hundred and twelve years ago, William Cobbett set out from London for Newbury in Berkshire, on the first of his Rural Rides. On a frosty morning last week, I set out from Oxford, also for Newbury in Berkshire, on the last of mine. And I thought it would be worth while to attempt a rather difficult thing: first to try to look at the country and its problems through Cobbett's eyes; second to try to picture the changes that have happened in the hundred and odd years that have gone; and then to glance, for a few minutes, at the way that lies before us. I felt it would be too much to attempt this for the country as a whole, so I have chosen the bit of country that Cobbett knew best. And I have brought along, to help me, Mr. J. W. Simmons, who farms at Hampstead Norris, near Newbury.

In some ways Cobbett's times were very like our own. There had been a great war. A lot of paper money had been printed. Prices had soared to unheard-of levels. Wheat had been six guineas a quarter in 1812. There had been a good deal of war-time madness—daft rents and big paper profits. A good many farmers had forgotten their old habits. It seemed silly to get up at five o'clock, work all day and have bread and cheese and bacon for dinner, when you seemed to have more money than you could ever spend, and when you could so easily make more when that was done. Then came the slump. The country went back to the gold standard, as many people thought too soon. Wheat was down to forty-four shillings by 1822. There was a heavy burden of war debt, and necessarily heavy taxation to meet the interest. Many farmers went bankrupt. There was unemployment, and a demoralising yet necessary system of doles. In 1834, nineteen years after Waterloo, when Cobbett was writing the last pages of his *Rural Rides*, the labourers in their desperation were breaking threshing machines and setting fire to cornstacks. But in the end men went soberly and doggedly to work again and, painfully and slowly, the tangle of affairs was straightened out.

In Cobbett's time, as in ours, four classes of people lived, or tried to live, by the land. The tithe-owner drew his tithe; the landlord drew his rent; the farmer hoped for his profit; and the labourer, so long as he could keep his job, got his weekly wage. It is always a difficult thing to arrange, with a complicated partnership of this kind, that the fruits of prosperity and the burdens of adversity shall be fairly shared. In Cobbett's days, the tithe-owner was still usually paid in corn—he took the tenth sheaf from the farmer's field, and threshed and sold it. Rents were mostly paid in money, and they were kept up long after prices fell; and the interest on the debt had to be paid in money too, so that the taxes could not be brought down. And the harassed farmer, driven to find somehow the money for his rent and taxes, could see only one way. He reduced wages, and 'stood off' his man whenever he could. Then as a consequence it had to be admitted that the labourers could not live on their pay and so they had to be taken, wholesale, 'on the parish'. Thus the farmers were obliged to pay, in poor rates, what they refused to pay as wages, and the labourers, besides being starved, were demoralised. To put all that right was the task that Cobbett set himself. He didn't blame the farmers or even, at first, the landlords. He thought the whole trouble was the debt and the 'tax

eaters' and the political corruption that handed over the wages of a hundred labourers to some worthless party wire-puller. That explains a great many of the old man's hatreds—of London and financiers and politicians and rotten boroughs. They were all parts of a great ramp whose object was to swindle the working man out of his poor living.

But Cobbett saw, too, that there was another hope of improving the lot of the workers. He wanted to see the land produce more, in order that there should be more to divide. That was why he favoured enclosures, in spite of the harm that they did: they meant more food for the hungry. That was why he was continually urging farmers to grow roots—swedes especially,

and by his special method—because roots produced far more keep, acre for acre, than hay. They made possible more winter milk and meat, and set free more land for corn. That again was why he was so enthusiastic a follower of Tull. He believed that Tull's system meant better crops. Potatoes, on the other hand, he cursed heartily. They were just part of the great ramp—a devilish invention whereby working men could be swindled out of their bread.

Now let us pass on. Let us try, if we can, Mr. Simmons, to put together a picture of things as they were, say, sixty or seventy years ago. You must have known a good many old men whose memories stretched back that far?

J. W. SIMMONS: Yes, plenty. I believe I have a pretty clear notion of what things were like in the good times before 1879—in what people call the Golden Age of English farming. That was before the flood of American wheat started; when nearly all our Berkshire land was arable, and when corn was the great thing.

J. A. S. W.: I wonder if we are right to call it the Golden Age?

J. S.: For some people certainly. I daresay the landlord got more than double the rent that he gets now. And money was worth, to the wealthy, a good deal more. The owner of a thousand acres must have been a big man. Look at the houses they used to live in. Think of the numbers of servants they kept! And even at the rents of those days there was good money in farming. Think of the Crimean War days when wheat was seventy shillings a quarter.

J. A. S. W.: Yes, indeed. Even the fool of the family could farm in those times. I suppose that started the tradition that agriculture was a suitable career for those not over-strong in the intellect. But what about the labourers?

J. S.: Well, of course, some people think that the test of a successful agriculture is the number of people that it employs. There's no doubt that the old way of farming gave work to lots of men. Machinery came in pretty late in our district. Plenty of the men I have known could remember when all the hundreds of acres of corn were mown by hand and threshed with the flail. They used to start about November, two men in each of those great barns, and they threshed all winter—throwing the straw out into the big yards, when it was picked over and trodden into muck by cattle and sheep. Then the corn was loaded on a big wagon; the carter harnessed up with all his brass mountings and topknots and bells and went off with proper ceremony to Newbury Market. There was plenty of employment in those days.

J. A. S. W.: That's all very well up to a point—but what sort of a living did the people make?



Gillray's caricature of Cobbett deserting the plough to serve in the Army

... as I shot up into a hobble-dehoy, I took to driving the Plow for the benefit of mankind, which was always my prime object; hearing that the Church-Wardens were after me, I determined to become a Hero, and secretly quitting my agricultural pursuits and Sukey Stubbs, volunteered as a Private Soldier' (from *The Life of William Cobbett*, written by himself)

British Museum



On the Berkshire Downs, looking across 'hundred acre fields' towards the distant valley of the Thames

Photograph: J. Dixon-Scott

J. S.: It's a bit difficult to get it quite clear; you know how old people are inclined to romance about the past. They forget their hardships and the monotony of their daily toil; they remember far more about Newbury Fair and Compton Flower Show, and the old Harvest Homes, and the wonderful long sunny summers. But if you work it out, the people must have been desperately poor—not, of course, so poor as in the times you were telling us about. But hours were very long—in fact, there were really no fixed hours at all. And wages were very low—about ten shillings a week. Of course, some things were cheaper—beer, for instance, a good deal, and meat a little. But bread was as dear then as it is today, and tea and sugar were far dearer. Candles were the only means of lighting in the cottages, and they were too dear for regular use. And you may be surprised about some of the things that were not to be had. My father can remember when there were barely half-a-dozen cows in the parish. Very few could have milk even in their tea; and butter was a rare luxury. Apart from bacon, meat was eaten only on very special occasions.

J. A. S. W.: And about the farming?

J. S.: Well, it was simple in one way. Corn was the end, and sheep were the means. That is, the idea was to grow milling wheat and malting barley; and you made this possible by keeping a big flock of Down Sheep, penning them over the land till there was enough goodness in it to grow the corn. And the system of penning grew gradually more complicated; you had to have a fresh crop always ready for the sheep when they wanted it—rye, clover, vetches, mustard, rape, turnips and swedes, round and round the year in endless succession. And then one fed cake—more and more cake as time went on—to make the land grow bigger corn crops. As long as corn paid, that way of farming paid; and occasionally even after corn went down, the lambs or the wool cheque might save the situation. But it was all very laborious. When half-a-sack of corn paid a man's wage for a week it was a good system. When it took a sack, you could manage along with the help of artificial manures, if mutton and wool were a fair trade. But now, if you average out wheat and barley and oats, you must sell two sacks of corn to pay a man's weekly wage. And even with the help of tractors that can't be done. The sheep cost too much.

J. A. S. W.: Well, then, let us hear about the job that has faced your father and yourself since things began to go wrong. How did you come to the new way of farming—the dairy and the pig unit and the big flock of poultry, the tractors and the new kind of sheep?

J. S.: Of course we felt our way step by step. We were prepared to try anything that seemed to offer a chance. Some ideas we tried out and had to drop. For instance, there was the old big flock of Hampshires. They began to cost more than they brought in. Our first notion was that we must get more for the lambs, so we started pedigree early fat lambs. But these, though they brought more money, cost more money—and we were no better off. So we tried the other way, to find a kind of sheep that could be kept more cheaply, on grass. That explains the flock of Scotch half-bred sheep that you saw. We still, in fact, keep just a few Hampshires, because we have a special little market for early fat lamb. Your Down ewe may still pay if she can give you a fat lamb at Easter. But this can never be a big outlet.

J. A. S. W.: And then the next big development, I think, was the dairy?

J. S.: Yes. We thought milk seemed likely to pay better than most things, and so far we have been right. We turned that great old barn into a cowshed for sixty head, and put in a milking machine. Of course, our land wasn't dairy land. A good deal of it is thin stuff and full of flints. I daresay it would once have been thought madness to try to make these thin chalk lands into dairy pastures. But it is wonderful what can be done if you lay the land down when it's still in good heart and sow good grasses and wild white clover. Of course, it doesn't always come off; some fields have been a good deal of trouble. But on the whole the pastures now stand up pretty well. And for the winter we rely a good deal on sainfoin hay and marrowstern kale. You see, sainfoin lasts five or six years where red clover only lasts one. And on our land we can grow two tons of kale for one ton of swedes.

J. A. S. W.: And now you have a Grade A Tuberculin Tested Herd and you are working into a pedigree Friesian Herd?

J. S.: Yes. It was really Dr. Stenhouse Williams who persuaded us into the high grade business. He convinced us that it was the right thing and that there were enough consumers who would see it. Of course, a dairy is a bothersome business at the best, and a Grade A (T.T.) dairy is twice as much bother as an ordinary one. The main trouble is having to deliver a level quantity. That means we must sometimes buy in cows, and you can never be quite sure, when you buy a cow, that you are not buying a packet of trouble. Still, we carry on.

J. A. S. W.: But why Friesians? Don't you find that your customers complain about the quality of their milk? The

Friesian cow is supposed to go in for quantity rather than quality, isn't she?

J. S.: Sometimes, perhaps. But it's quite possible to keep that right. I never buy a bull unless his mother has given really good milk—4 per cent. of butter fat is my standard. I can keep the quality right. I wish that were the biggest trouble!

J. A. S. W.: And the next step was what—the pigs?

J. S.: That's right. I went to Denmark, had a look round, and thought it over. Cutting down the arable had left us with some spare buildings. We still had plenty of straw. Bullock feeding would have meant more roots, which cost too much in labour. Besides, I didn't see why we shouldn't produce pigs just as well as the Danes. If they could live by the business so might we.

J. A. S. W.: And they've turned out all right?

J. S.: Well, I hope I'm not giving you the impression that every one of these changes has turned out a thumping success. Our balance sheets these last few years have not been what you could call exhilarating. You didn't feel you simply must run and stand somebody a drink on the strength of them. But I do think that the old pig, if he's let us down some years, has more than pulled his weight in others. And with a contract for part of our output we should, I think, be on more solid ground.

J. A. S. W.: And the poultry—how have you fared with your three thousand hens?

J. S.: Until this last year they have been a real help. This

fellow farmers, who knew their jobs, go under. Many of them have had pretty close calls themselves. They don't want to see their sons go through the same experiences and run the same risks. They are prepared to put up with a good many bothers and annoyances, in order to get the sense of security that the new schemes promise.

J. A. S. W.: I'm sure they are right. But do you expect really tremendous benefits from the schemes?

J. S.: I think the promise of a moderate living for the farmer, after what he has been through, is a tremendous benefit. If you ask whether the schemes will make for a boom in farming, such as we had at the end of the War, I think not, and I hope not. That wasn't good for anybody, least of all for us. We should have been far happier today if we had never made those unreal profits and never experienced that false prosperity.

J. A. S. W.: It is being said already that the benefits of these new schemes will go into the pockets of the landlord and the capitalist farmer, and that the farm worker is to be no better off. What is your answer to that?

J. S.: Thank goodness, I don't own any land, so I can't speak for the landlord. And I don't want to put forward a purely selfish point of view. But I think it is a matter of plain fact that most farmers, for some years past, have been paying wages out of their capital. If they had enough capital left, perhaps that wouldn't matter. But a good many of us are at our wits' end to find the money to farm our land as it should be farmed. There

are dozens of things we should like to do better if we could. Our own men down in Berkshire know well enough that their employers are in Queer Street. They're doing their best to help us out. They know that they have been at least fairly treated of late. I believe they will be content to see the farmers more nearly on their legs before they lay claim to a share of the new benefits. Then I hope there will be something coming to them as well.

J. A. S. W.: I hope so too. I hope it will never be true again that the wage-earner will be done out of his share of prosperity. You never feel, I gather, that you would like to be your own landlord?

J. S.: Heaven forbid. I've got a better landlord than I could ever be to myself. Some of the most pitiful cases I know are of farmers who have gone 'broke' through having to buy their land. I ask for nothing better than to be allowed to farm somebody else's land upon reasonable terms.

J. A. S. W.: Well, I happen to be a member of an Institution that owns a few thousand acres of farms, and you'll believe it isn't a very happy position.

J. S.: But why do you do it? I can't think that agricultural land is a business investment these days.

J. A. S. W.: You see the point is this. You have to consider that an Institution like ours lives for ever. Supposing we had been a German Institution and had had all our money in

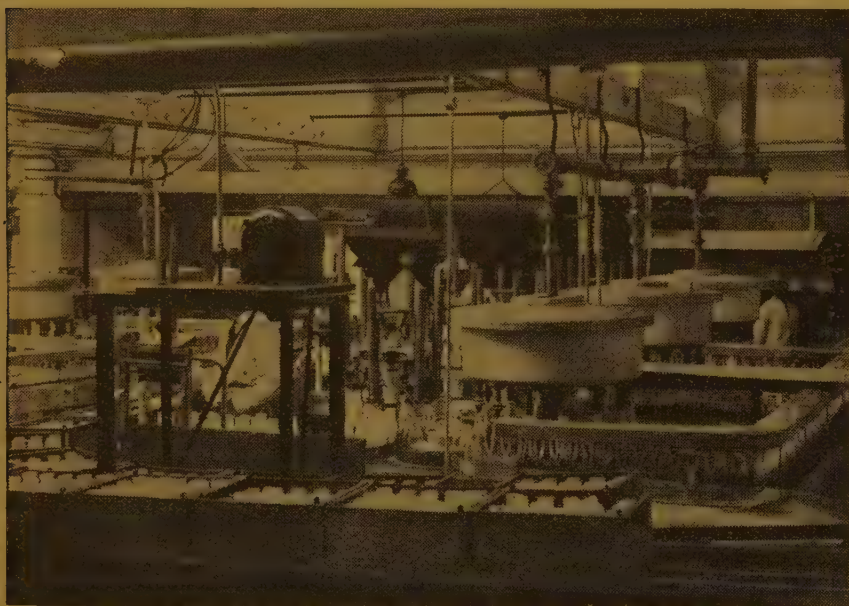
German gilt-edged securities: when the mark went to nothing our property would have disappeared. We must spread our risks. Farms will not vanish into the air. And yet it has been a worrying thing to see both the income and the capital value of the land dwindling away. I saw a farm a little while back that had been bought for fourteen thousand pounds, and had had a good deal of money spent on it; and now it has been sold for three thousand.

J. S.: I know. I don't think the future historian will say that the landlord hasn't carried his share of the burden this time.

J. A. S. W.: Now one last thing: what do you think are the changes we must look forward to next?

J. S.: I hope we may see some revival of arable farming. We are certainly ready to stick the plough into some of the grass that we have put down. But it won't mean going back to the old ways. We shall never again, I'm sure, see forty horses at work on our place. More tillage will mean more tractors. We'll never again see the old great folds of sheep—a pity, for they made a fine sight. But we can, as soon as the country likes, produce more than we are doing and find a living for more men.

The other thing that I want to see soon is cheap electricity in the village and on the farm. I'm full of schemes for using it—I want to work my milking machine with it, and a whole lot of other things. I want it to light the cowshed. It would be better for the men, better for the babies who drink my milk, and better for me. I want to have it in my own house, and in my men's cottages. I would, of course, as things are now, rather live in the country than in the town. We've got motor transport since I remember. That's been a great thing. We've got the wireless, which is a boon on winter evenings. We only want the grid and the fruition of Mr. Elliot's schemes to make the country all that we deserve.



Modern methods in the dairy. In the milk-bottle filling room shown above, between three and four thousand gallons are bottled in an hour

Sport and General

year, with the lower prices for eggs, I don't think they have left a penny of profit. But if we had stopped everything when it began to show a loss we would have been out of business long ago. We are anxious about the future of the poultry business, but in the meanwhile we are carrying on.

J. A. S. W.: And what has all this come to, in terms of employment?

J. S.: Our arable acreage is only half what it was. But Grade A milk, even if you run a machine, means a good deal of labour. Then we employ more men on the pigs and poultry, though we don't, in fact, employ as many men as we used to do. We have never actually had to send a good man away, but we haven't always put in a boy when an old fellow has retired.

J. A. S. W.: And what do you think, frankly, of the immediate prospects of agriculture?

J. S.: I'm definitely optimistic. I think the tide has turned. Our own business showed a little balance on the right side this last Michaelmas. Nothing to brag about, it's true, but coming after a succession of losses, it felt like the first warm day in spring.

J. A. S. W.: And particularly about the new schemes; we are already hearing some grumbles—bacon factories not able to take delivery when pigs are ready and then docking the price because the pigs have grown too big; and milk cheques that used to come every fortnight not turning up for six weeks. Aggravating things, of course, but do you think anything serious is going to go wrong, or will these troubles be got over with a little patience?

J. S.: I've been about a good deal just lately among our local Farmers' Union Branches, and honestly I've felt very cheered by the general attitude, especially of the older men. They are not nearly so restive under this control as I had expected. These older farmers, you know, have had their ups and downs—short ups and long downs. They've all seen honest, hardworking

Winter Flowers

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THERE are some plants which may reasonably be expected to produce flowers out-of-doors during the months of November, December, January, February, or March in any average English garden, so that your room need never be without at least one bowl of either scent or colour—sometimes both. For convenience, I shall divide these plants into three categories: climbers, trees and shrubs, and flowers.

I will take the climbers first, because I have picked out only three for particular mention. First of all I must put the bright yellow winter jasmine, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, for although it is so well known as scarcely to need recommendation, it is one of the easiest, hardiest, and most repaying of plants. Mine have been in flower for the last three weeks, and I shall be very much surprised and aggrieved if they do not remain in flower for several months longer. They will do equally well on a wall, a trellis, or a paling, but what they especially love is a wall with a western aspect and plenty of room to throw their sprays about. The way to get the best out of your jasmine is to cut it while still in bud. It is astonishing how the most immature bud will open in water in a warm room, and will give you pleasure for much longer than if you cut your sprays with the flowers fully open. This axiom about cutting winter flowers while still in the bud, is a wise one to be generally observed. Never prune your winter jasmine; merely cut out its dead wood in the spring; nail it up to keep it within bounds, and also to prevent the rather brittle sprays from getting snapped off by a rough wind.

My second climber is winter-sweet, or *Chimonanthus fragrans*. This likes a warm wall; a south wall for choice, when you may have it in flower before Christmas, but it is only fair to warn you that it will not give much satisfaction for two or three years. It needs to be pruned after flowering, cutting away the branches that have flowered, for it is on the growths of new wood that you may expect the flowers next year. You can increase it by layering, though not by cuttings. It is a lovely, scented pale yellow thing, with markings of red; and like the jasmine, should be cut for the house while still in bud. Don't let it become parched in summer.

My third climber is *Lonicera fragrantissima*. Anyone who has not already got *Lonicera fragrantissima* ought to plant it at once. It does not take up much room, growing only to a height of six or eight feet. Like winter-sweet, it enjoys a south wall, but unlike winter-sweet you can increase it by cuttings, taken in August.

That disposes of the climbers, and I come now to shrubs and trees. I hope you have got *Viburnum fragrans* in your garden. Mine is in full flower now under a north wall, and is lovely and sweet-scented for picking—white, with a flush of pink, so much like apple blossom that one is surprised to find it flowering in frost. I find it easier to increase by layers than by cuttings. I hope you have also got *Hamamelis mollis*, which is probably more familiar to you under its English name of witch-hazel, the most curly flower I know; queer, twisted, golden flowers produced on a bare branch in January. This small tree is quite easy to grow, even in a bad clayey soil, though it certainly does better in a good loamy soil with leaf-mould to encourage it, and an open site where it will get plenty of sun.

Then you must certainly have *Forsythia intermedia spectabilis*. This is the best *Forsythia* I know, and you can grow it as a bush in the open. It will give you showers of gold in March or even February, and it will strike from cuttings so easily that you need only stick them into the open ground any time during the summer. And you must also plant the common almond, one of the earliest of our flowering trees, which will make you think of Sicily in March. The flowering currant, too, *Ribes sanguineum*, is worth growing, if only because it comes into flower so early and has such a sharp queer smell—but I must admit that it is rather a common untidy thing. If you want something more out of the way, try *Daphne mezereum*. This is not really difficult; being probably a native of English woods; you only have to remember that it likes its roots shaded, and its head exposed to the sun. I have seen it growing as a bush four feet high against a west wall, smothered in the depth of winter by its pinkish blossoms on their leafless twigs. *Berberis Japonica* scarcely needs any recommendation to anybody, it is so well known; but remember to put in young plants, for it resents transplantation; and give it, if you can, a loamy soil and a sheltered place in your garden. *Pyrus Japonica* is another shrub to remember, with its coral-coloured blossoms at the end of the winter. And if you have room to spare under a north or west wall, where the early morning sun will not reach the frost-bitten ground, plant a magnolia, either *Conspicua* or *Stellata*. *Conspicua* is the taller of the two, and better suited to growing

against a wall; *Stellata* will thrive equally well in the open, provided the cold winds do not catch it.

I come now to flowers, and again I shall think only of what you may hope to grow without too much trouble and may hope to pick between November and March from the open garden. The list is longer than you might suppose. In November, you may even include roses, especially certain varieties such as Shot Silk and Ulrich Brunner, and a very beautiful, strong growing, dark-red rose called Night, which does not appear to be nearly so popular as it ought to be. But roses perhaps ought not to be counted among the winter flowers. Primroses on the other hand, and their relation the polyanthus, certainly should be. The coloured primroses can almost always be depended upon to give you some flowers for cutting every week between November and Christmas; and they are so cheap to grow from seed, and so easy to increase by division of the plants in July, that no garden should be without them. They have moreover the advantage of flourishing in a shady place where few other things would grow; even under the drip of trees: all they seem to ask for is a cool damp soil, and no burning sun in summer. Then if you want another flower which, like the primrose, has the same obliging way of blooming out of season, plant *Anemone St. Brigid*. Officially a spring bloomer, it will often give you a bunch during the most unexpected weeks of the early winter. It is, by the way, rather a puzzling thing to plant. It arrives from the nursery in the shape of little black objects, giving no indication of which way up they want to be set in the ground. Don't worry, for even if you put them in upside down they will right themselves and be just as happy, and provided you don't dig them up by mistake they will come up regularly every year. *Anemone Apennina* is another plant I recommend; pale blue, the colour of the sky on a fine February day, it has the useful habit of seeding itself broadcast in unlooked-for but always suitable places.

Violets, of course, come to the mind at once in thinking of winter flowers; give them a place in good rich soil on the north side of a hedge or under a west wall; cut off the runners every year and replant them; and you may then pick violets from November till the spring begins. Snowdrops come to the mind too; but if you are planting snowdrops let me recommend the variety *Elwesii*—*Galanthus Elwesii*. They are bigger and taller than the more ordinary kind one uses for naturalising. *Scilla sibirica* is another bulb you ought to plant, I suppose, for its brilliant blue; and *Chionodoxa* or Glory of the Snow; but for some reason I have never been able to make a great success of these, and am left envying the displays I have seen in other people's gardens. In any case I think one ought to plant them in large quantities, or not at all. Other bulbs I would certainly plant are *Crocus imperati* and *Sternbergia lutea angustifolia*, which isn't a crocus although it looks like one; if you give it a warm, sunny place in well-drained loam it will reward you from November till January with flowers like a golden crocus. *Crocus imperati*, of course, is a true crocus; purple and mauve in colour, and particularly robust even to the point of increasing in quantity when naturalised in grass, which many bulbs are advertised as doing but seldom do.

One winter-flowering iris which I would urge you to plant, even though you may have to wait two years before your clumps give you any flowers, is *Iris stylosa*. Once you really get it going, you can hope to pick a glassful this side of Christmas. *Iris stylosa* is not difficult to grow successfully; you need only to remember these points: give it the warmest possible situation, because it likes a baking in summer, at the foot of a south wall if you can; give it a really gritty soil—I have heard that it will thrive in pure gravel—for in too rich a soil it will run to leaf; don't transplant or disturb it; chop its leaves almost to the ground in spring; and finally, pick its buds and put them in water before they have begun to open. If you will observe these few and simple indications, you will never regret having planted *Iris stylosa*.

I have said nothing about Christmas roses—I mean the hellebore—although those, you might think, were the obvious flowers to begin with in a talk on winter flowers. The truth is, that I cannot be bothered with flowers which need to be covered over with a little house of glass if they are not to become splashed, muddy, and bedraggled. And the hellebore does need that. A dirty hellebore is a wretched object. A clean hellebore, I admit, is a lovely one. But few of us can spare the time and the thought to cosset our flowers in this way—not unless we have an army of gardeners. Therefore I exclude hellebores from my own garden. But if you really want to grow them then choose *Helleborus niger*, and plant it in a shady, sheltered place; and never move it from its quarters; and pick it, like its wintry companions, in bud.

The Dominions and World Politics

(Continued from page 931)

years before the Japanese invasion, than they were by the Japanese effort—whatever the legal position might have been—to impose and develop some system of government in one small corner of that vast chaotic Chinese Empire. Still more has the public conscience been shocked, gravely shocked, by the vile return of religious persecution since the War, and the utter contempt of so many revolutionary governments for human life and the rights of liberty and conscience. You cannot keep silent about all these injustices and then expect decent and Christian people to get indignant about the dubious contravention of some slippery lawyers' formula.

P. N. B.: Of course we ought to have helped China to get straight instead of hindering her; and we ought to have stamped out persecution by making a reality of the League's system of minority protection. But neither point affects the fact that government morality, broadly speaking, must mean the maintenance of law. And this world law I am defending is new law, voluntarily accepted. It has for its purpose, not to impose economic systems or anything of that sort, but simply to get rid of war. Everyone but a few criminal lunatics agrees that modern war, with all its unbelievable cruelty and destruction, is immoral. The new world law rests on that universal moral basis. You are really challenging the Kellogg Pact—the whole conception of a world law against war. Of course I agree with you that the Governments of the Great Powers, including ours, have not shown sufficient clarity of purpose about this new world law. That is the very reason why I should like to see the democracies of the British Commonwealth give some bold dramatic lead in favour of the League and its laws. If they did, they could make the League incomparably stronger than it has ever been before. If they did, they would be continuing and completing the supreme contribution of British genius to civilisation by bringing the principles of parliamentary democracy into world affairs. But, above all, they would be strengthening the British Commonwealth itself. I was at a Conference on Commonwealth Relations held in Canada last September, attended by eminent public men from this country and the Dominions—men like Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Rowell, Lord Cecil, Sir Herbert Samuel, Sir Donald Somervell. In summing up the work of the Conference, Sir John Power, a Conservative member of our own Parliament, has said that the question of preserving peace 'overshadowed all other subjects', and that 'the collective system for the preservation of peace received wholehearted support in all quarters'. It was plain at the Conference, indeed, that only in the League can the Commonwealth find a common foreign policy; that the Dominions will never agree to making the Empire a close self-supporting unit; that they will not give up the League and that, without the League, no one there had much hope of averting the conflagration to which we are now moving so fast.

D. J.: You are trying to put me in the position of one who opposes the League idea. This is not my position at all. By common consent, the League machinery today has broken down, and you want to build on these shattered and shaken foundations a new and rigid system of world government—a super-state. It is that scheme of yours which I am opposing, and my case is that the whole influence of the British Commonwealth must be thrown into the scale against that scheme (so popular with so many Professors today), if peace is to be preserved. It is all very well for you to say that your system of world government would try to impose nothing but respect for the law. But that is the sole object of every police force in the world—to impose respect for the law. You have no police force and you think that the British Commonwealth might well step into the breach. I say to that, that the East Fulham election is the answer to that very peculiar ambition. Then you go on to say that the League conception is nothing but the application of the principles of parliamentary government to the world. But parliamentary government, eminently suitable though it may be to the British genius—though I have seen no great proof of that in the last ten years of our history—has been decisively rejected by the whole of the non-English speaking world. It has not, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, in Russia, in Japan, and I should imagine not in China, a single responsible adherent. How can you hope, then, to impose parliamentary government on the whole world? And so I come back to where I started—that the British Commonwealth can set the world a great example of how sovereign nations, where they are united in race and in political traditions, can live and grow together in peace with their neighbours, and that the first and last duty of our Commonwealth in international affairs is to see that the League is reorganised, not in the direction of more serious interference and control, but in the direction of promoting the maximum freedom for all peoples.

P. N. B.: But the most important, the urgent freedom, is the freedom from war: and I'm afraid we haven't time to wait while your hopes about other peoples' forming groups come

true. We are face to face now with violent upheavals. You yourself said that the world is on the verge of war. We can't wait. My plan is the League of Nations. I don't admit that it has broken down—only that it has not been used. When it had been really used for ten years by men like Cecil and Chamberlain and Briand and Stresemann and Henderson, it had brought peace to Europe. Unrest in Europe began when we allowed the Covenant of the League to be disregarded in the East—which proves that world problems are 'our own problems' too. And now we may be near a smash in which both the Commonwealth and the Colonial Empire may break up and disappear. Our only hope is to make the Commonwealth stand once more four-square behind the League. That, I believe, would bring back peace as by a miracle, almost overnight. And there is no alternative. Your hopes are too vague and distant, I'm afraid; they are divorced from the hard realities of the world today. They are romantic idealism. They mean burying our heads in the sand while the storm sweeps on towards us.

D. J.: The storm is certainly sweeping towards us, but who provoked it? The most disastrous of post-War fallacies is a belief which you apparently feel too, that foreign peoples cannot exist side by side with each other in peace. I say, on the contrary, that there is not one of the world's great problems today which is not the direct result of some well-meant but foolish effort by internationalist politicians to find a formula which will prevent someone doing something which no one but these internationalist politicians themselves would ever think of doing. I said a little time ago that we ought to learn a little humility in regard to our attempt to force our own political nostrums down the throats of all the world; but we also ought to try and find a little courage. This panic fear when anybody else wants a navy or an army is unworthy of a great people. We ought to keep our eyes set on that long undefended frontier between Canada and the United States. Who imagines for a moment that if Canada had been trying for the last hundred years to limit by pacts and formulæ the armed forces of the United States, the long peace between these two great peoples would have been preserved? That hundred years of peace is the best example that the British Commonwealth can give to the world. It shows how peace can be achieved by goodwill: it points the way to a businesslike and practical way of solving the world's problems.

The many strong advantages which Great Britain enjoys as a world industrial centre have been concisely summarised in the *Industrial Handbook to Great Britain* published by the Travel and Industrial Association. Primarily intended for overseas manufacturers, 'who are considering the establishment of factories in Great Britain', this little book of under 50 pages provides for all a lucid lesson in commercial geography. If some of the information provided may seem gratuitous, it is, in the present crisis, worthy of reiteration. A home market, with a population of 46,300,000, 'influenced by sentiment and advertising in favour of British goods' and Empire markets, available on preferential terms, have kept the trend of an industrial production steady throughout the years of crisis 1930-33, while in every other important industrial country except Japan there has been a serious decline. Our transport facilities, shipping, rail or road, are more highly developed than those of any other country in the world. Distances by rail in Great Britain as between sources of raw material, factories, centres of distribution and consumption, and ports are comparatively short and consequently represent only a small proportion of the manufacturers' budget. We have a greater movement of shipping, absolutely, not relatively to size and population, between our own and world ports than any other country in the world. 'Of every 5 vessels on the world's ocean-going routes on any one day, one is outward bound from and one is homeward bound to a United Kingdom port'. Besides these great natural advantages, the handbook emphasises the tremendous supply of available—often expert—labour. With a few exceptions wages are not standardised and the manufacturer is free to make his own terms with the trade unions or by resolution of a joint industrial council for the industry. He will however find a 'generally recognised' rate of wages in whatever industry he enters. For all classes of insurance indemnity he will also find unrivalled facilities. Lastly the facilities offered to the export trades are particularly emphasised. And here the foreigner may seek assistance and advice from the Export Credits Guarantee Department of the Board of Trade, with its valuable 'intelligence system', keeping it in touch with the state of foreign markets. Since the campaign to attract travellers to this country was so successful, we may hope that the publication of this handbook will encourage an influx of foreign manufacturers and the consequent employment of British labour.



Apprehension!

By courtesy of the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

Science and War

From the viewpoint of an inventor it was interesting to note the result of Mr. Huxley's inquiries in the seventh article on 'Scientific Research and Social Needs', *i.e.*, nil. Had Mr. Huxley consulted, instead of the research authorities, the Patent Office publications, Vols. 9, 92, 199, Series A (Abridgement Specifications), or even the present writer, particulars of thermostat-directed torpedoes, mono-submarines, rocket-fired projectiles, motor-driven rotary air-defence guns, high-frequency sound projectors and other 'defensive' weapons could have been obtained.

Leeds

CEDRIC W. MARSHALL

After an article which, for the first time, opens seriously the question of 'science and war', it was disappointing to find that your only published comment was a letter whose chief point seemed to be that if you had a sufficiently destructive weapon it would end war. That is nonsense. But I am not concerned with that. (For a serious reply on the point see Mr. P. J. Noel-Baker's article in *Headway* for December, 1933.) What is original and striking in Mr. Huxley's article is the idea that scientists themselves should have a 'scientist's code', *i.e.*, should only do as much war-work as is recognised to be legitimate by a properly-constituted authority. It is most important that scientists should have a minimum social standard; and in view of the facts as to the 'conversion lag' and 'expansion lag' it should not be difficult to enforce—provided it is supported by some competent scientific and/or governmental authority. Probably even publicity, if thorough, would suffice. If the B.A. or *Nature* (both recognised scientific authorities) took up Mr. Huxley's suggestion we could have in a very short time a substantial contribution to peace, and that from a hitherto virgin source.

At present, a scientist who is also a conscientious worker for

peace, has little *locus standi*. There are two main reasons for this. Firstly, research chemists (I know about forty of them) do not really feel the problem of 'science and war'. They do their jobs efficiently and look to the other people for the sociological part of it. They are rather like housewives—busy on their feet all day at a bench—and have not much capacity for other interests of a sociological nature. Secondly, the great majority of British chemists depend for their livelihood on one or other of the many activities of I.C.I. Those who know of the pre-War activities of its great German counterpart, the *I.G. Farbenindustrie*, realise that I.C.I. is not altogether a peace organisation. Therefore most chemists in this country are definitely preparing for war and have an (unconscious) readiness for it. I suggest that if you could have Mr. Huxley's suggestion thoroughly discussed it would do a great deal of good, and that if the B.A. took it up there might yet be hope for the Disarmament Conference. It seems too much to hope that the Government will enquire into it or officially encourage it.

RESEARCH CHEMIST

Man and Society

In Mr. Julian Huxley's talk on 'Man and Society' (printed in THE LISTENER of December 6) he draws 'one sweeping conclusion' as to standards in morality, truth, art, etc. 'No absolute standards exist . . . There is an abstract idea of good—but it has no content'. I have 'a timid mind' to the extent of finding this highly condensed statement unsatisfactory.

Part of the work of the inspired scientist is to abstract from the phenomenal world of changing experience the constant aspects or elements. These science expresses as law. The study and contemplation of abstracted constancies to which generation after generation of men can, from their varying positions, contribute, yields a light, a guiding line, by aid of which man pro-

gressively uses and takes a delight in the realities of the physical universe, which always have been and are. $(x+y)^2 = x^2 + 2xy + y^2$ is the expression of an abstracted idea of order. It has no content for us unless we supply a content. But it is applicable in the most different contents. It is the expression of an order always and everywhere operative, kept in a form available for man's consideration, a steadfast guiding line in changing circumstances.

Moses, Socrates, Isaiah, the Gospels point us to similar guiding lines in the spiritual and moral world, available, as is a compass, in widely differing civilisations and circumstances. They help to reveal spiritual order always and everywhere operative in the world of conduct—as do Leonardo, Dürer, Ruskin in the world of art. This order never exhausts all that there is in experience, conduct, or art, but it is essential to understand and use it if we wish for life and more abundant life.

Master's Lodgings, Balliol College, Oxford E. LINDSAY

A Brake for Democracy?

Sir Stafford Cripps imagines 'what a hopeless result we should produce if we tried to run our express trains with Stephenson's old *Rocket* locomotive'. Yet the old *Rocket* and the *Royal Scot* both were fitted with brakes—the modern more powerful than the ancient: one of the functions of the House of Lords is to act as a brake. Is Sir Stafford prepared to risk an easily-swayed democracy going downhill without any brake power?

Limpsfield F. G. KEEN

School Journeys

I have read with considerable interest your notes on the League of Nations Report on interchanges and travel for school children. I am in complete accord with your remarks generally, but one conclusion which you have gathered from the report is not in accordance with fact. The individual method of exchange of scholars between families has been in operation between England and France for a number of years, and great credit for the success of this phase of international work is due to the Modern Language Association and to the International Subcommittee of the Joint Committee of the Secondary Schools Associations. Group exchanges had been carried on between Continental countries for a few years before the practice was adopted in England. As the result of a visit from a Hamburg schoolmaster, the School Journey Association arranged two group exchanges in 1926 and in each year since that date the number of schools which have adopted the group exchange method of international contact has enlarged very considerably. The original exchanges were with Germany, but last year exchanges were arranged between England and Belgium, Germany and Denmark.

It is true that this form of school journey activity does not appeal to the French, but as the result of an interview I had recently with Dr. Dequidt in Paris I am very hopeful that the diffidence hitherto evinced by the French parents and teachers for group exchanges and group visits generally may be overcome, and that we shall be privileged to carry on group exchanges with France and receive groups of French scholars in England as freely as is the case with other countries. The group visits from English schools to France in 1931 exceeded 200 in number and included over 5,000 boys and girls of secondary school age, accompanied by their teachers. On the other hand, no school groups were received from France into this country.

Croydon H. W. BARTER
Hon. General Secretary, School Journey Association

Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology

In your issue of October 25 you have an article by S. F. Markham that is unfortunately somewhat misleading. It says of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology that 'one large hall in this museum, a very large hall indeed, has been specially constructed so as to give the Westerner a remarkable idea of Chinese art and culture at their height'. As eighteen galleries are devoted to the whole range of Chinese art (I do not know how one could show Chinese art and culture 'at their height', since they had so many heights), Mr. Markham's statement gives a rather false picture of our Chinese collection.

Canada C. T. CURRELLEY
Director, Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology

Feeding Ourselves

In a statement broadcast in the nine o'clock news bulletin on December 9, a gentleman who spoke on behalf of the shipping interests roundly declared that this country *must* (he laid great emphasis on this word) be dependent upon our mercantile marine *unless we are to reduce our population by a half*. The exaggeration contained in this statement is so grotesque that listeners who know even a little about the matter will dismiss it for what it is worth. But there may be some who will give credence to it, and be led to the belief that a big mercantile marine is more important to this country than the ability to feed ourselves. The utter fallacy of this contention was

so thoroughly proved sixteen years ago that it is astonishing to find anyone so daring as to uphold it today. With the most powerful mercantile marine in the world, backed by the most powerful navy in the world, we were within six weeks of capitulation through starvation in 1917. What would be the position in the event of another war? A mercantile marine twice or ten times as powerful as we possessed before the last war would be utterly powerless against the vastly more efficient means of attack open to an unscrupulous enemy today. To say that we can only render ourselves immune from the danger of starvation by reducing the population by *one-half* is to fly right in the face of all the considered and expert evidence. I challenge the speaker to give one sound reason for this wild statement.

Edgware T. W. C. CURD
Secretary, Marydown Farming Association

Modern Poetry

Surely it is precisely because, as Mr. Ernest E. Allen says, modern poetry appeals to few, that the B.B.C. is to be congratulated on its efforts to get it known. After all, what would be the point of the B.B.C.'s repeating and reprinting the older work (though, indeed, its readings include a good deal of the older work) when anybody can take it down off their shelves? For everybody at all interested in poetry has at least an anthology. But modern poetry is not so easy to come by: it is expensive, and one cannot be more sure of the quality than at any previous time. Moreover, modern poetry, like new poetry in any age, needs explaining, and this function the B.B.C. performs extraordinarily well. Indeed, perhaps modern poetry needs even more explaining than, say, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley did (Blake still needs it) in their own day—and goodness knows enough resistance was offered even them—because poetry for the last century or so has, as Lord David Cecil pointed out, been moving farther and farther away from general consciousness. Now that the young poets are trying to link up again, contact is found to be difficult, and this the B.B.C. is valiantly providing. Besides, it is clear that, whether successful or not, the young poets are battling to achieve Mr. Allen's goal, by thinking hard, by sowing the seeds of future beliefs (Mr. Allen weakens his case but strengthens mine by saying 'future'), and inventing rhythms and rhyme, not to mention diction, to suit the new content. Only posterity will be able to judge of their worth. Let us in the meantime be thankful that we have them, and grateful to the B.B.C. for letting us know it, and for giving them a fair chance. If only it was as enlightened in its economics!

Mendham BONAMY DOBRÉE

Vanishing England

I am grateful to Mr. Langdon for showing us so clearly the kind of mentality we are up against if we wish to preserve the English countryside from exploitation. Commerce, says Mr. Langdon, speaking presumably as the mouthpiece of the Master Sign Makers' Association, should come before amenity on the main roads of England. Note first the implied antithesis: commerce and amenity, to the commercial mind, are incompatible; one must necessarily take precedence over the other. We had hoped, some of us, that they might be considered jointly as equally important factors in a reasonably planned civilisation: it is disappointing to find that the Master Sign Makers think otherwise. Next, why must commerce oust amenity on our main roads? Because, says Mr. Langdon, these roads are the arteries of commerce. He forgets that they are also arteries for many hundreds of thousands of private individuals who are sick and tired of the importunings of commercial interests.

Incidentally, I did not agitate, as Mr. Langdon suggests, for the abolition of all advertising, nor did I refuse to distinguish between good and bad advertising. I agitated, and shall continue to agitate, for the suppression of misplaced and offensive advertising. Of course, advertising has its place as a commercial necessity, but I submit that it is out of place when it disregards amenity, which is the concern of the community as a whole. The mentality which envisages the main roads of England in terms of advertisement sites is on a par with the mentality which complacently agrees that a stretch of the South Downs should be turned into a motor-racing track. Both mentalities are faithful servants of commercial interests, but I suggest that both are a menace to our common heritage.

Chobham HOWARD MARSHALL

Value of Injections

Medical progress, according to the wireless talks (and therefore THE LISTENER) would appear to consist almost entirely of the production of new serums, gland extracts, and such-like, for injection into the body. The exaggerated value of such methods held by their advocates is shown by the fact that insulin, for example, is nearly always referred to as a 'cure' for diabetes, whereas it is at best a palliative, and suspect of all sorts of secondary ill-effects at that; then, too, they talk gaily of protecting children from infectious diseases by inoculation—but in-

oculation is of its nature specific in action, being really a stimulant of the natural protective forces inherent in the body; and a stimulant can only take effect by 'robbing Peter to pay Paul': raising the resistance to one disease lowers the protection from others, which are quite likely to be sculling around at the same time. Some time ago, Sir George Newman announced with pride that it was now possible to give protection from (I think) seven diseases; but he omitted to mention that it was only *one at a time*. In practice, too, there is often a sad lack of discrimination and care in the administration of these substances.

Such methods have a certain value: but they should be regarded as emergency measures, not as panaceas or cures. For the final solution of the great problems of healing (and prevention) we shall have to turn to natural methods; by which I do not mean a return to savagery on the one hand nor pecking at a filleted vitamin on the other. The cult of 'injection' is assuming the dimensions of a public danger.

Plympton

L. J. VOSS

Christianity and Other Religions

If your correspondent who refers to the words of Peter the Apostle in Acts x. 34 will read to the end of the chapter, he will see that the Apostle regarded the fact that men in every nation who fear God and work righteousness are acceptable to God, not as a reason for leaving them outside the Christian Church, but as a reason for incorporating them into it: 'he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord'.

Ipswich

W. R. HARRISON

The New Commonwealth

On behalf of the New Commonwealth I should like to express gratitude for your little notice in the issue of November 29, but at the same time I should like to make it clear that this Society has been in existence now for a little over a year. Founded by the initiative of Lord Davies, and with the Rt. Hon. G. N. Barnes as President, the Society was born in October, 1932, when it had already become clear that international security, under present European conditions—i.e., some international authority taking over the defence risks of the individual States—was a condition precedent of any reduction of national armaments. As an International Society, with headquarters at present in London, we are privileged to be sponsored by such well-known figures as Sir Norman Angell, the Rt. Hon. Viscount

Cecil of Chelwood, Professor A. E. Zimmern, H. E. Señor Salvador de Madariaga, M. Henry de Jouvenel, Dr. Wellington Koo, Dr. Eduard Benes, and others. Dr. Ernst Jäckt, formerly President and founder of the Deutsche Hochschule für Politik in Berlin, has recently been appointed Director of the Society. Our object is an *effective* League of Nations offering knave-proof guarantees of the maintenance of law and order, and, simultaneously, efficacious means of treaty adjustment and peaceful change, through restriction of armed force to the policing function, and establishment of an equity tribunal by the side of the Permanent Court.

Mowbray House, W.C. 2

W. HORSFALL CARTER

Secretary, The New Commonwealth

Early Greek Printing

Your readers may be interested in a fifteenth-century Suidas Greek Lexicon, the only book issued '*Impressum Mediolani impensa et dexteritate D. Demetrii Chalcondyli Ioannis Bissoli, Mangii 1499*'. It is a rare 'association' book, being '*Ex libris Domini de Blackness*' and having 'annotations and MS. leaves in the handwriting of George Buchanan, the Scottish historian and poet. It is folio, Roman letter, has 516 leaves, is half-vellum, and is apparently the copy described by Hain Copinger, 15135, and Proctor, 6077.

London, E.1

JAMES H. LOWE

Birth Control and the Slums

Birth control will not prevent slums. Insanitary, overcrowded houses are common enough in rural hamlets, where the population is decreasing. I have seen wretched slums in a town in France, although in that country large families are said to be exceptional. As for abortion, far from this being due to lack of birth control facilities, there is evidence that it is most frequent where birth control is most practised. That birth control would make for a reduction in women's ailments is by no means certain. Many doctors hold the contrary view: that contraceptive practices gravely endanger women's health.

Earl's Colne

R. M. COURTAULD

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that, owing to its being taken down over the long-distance telephone, a mistake occurred in the reprint of Mr. S. P. B. Mais' talk last week. 'Charles Meyer' should, of course, have been printed as 'Charles Mayo', the world-famous surgeon who is Associate Chief of Staff to Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota.

Countryside Contrasts—II



Old and new—Abbey ruins and petrol pumps at Glastonbury

Photograph: E. O. Hoppd

Books and Authors

Ways of Thinking

Ideals of a Student. By Sir Josiah Stamp. Benn. 8s. 6d.

IN THIS DIGEST OF HIS ADDRESSES to university students in England and the United States, Sir Josiah Stamp speaks as a student to students, with the sole desire to stimulate thought. It is, therefore, a delightful book to review, for one can criticise it with the certainty that one's criticisms will be welcomed by the author as evidence that he has succeeded in stimulating thought even in the mind of a reviewer.

On the main text of his discourses there can, indeed, be no possible criticism. He says, in effect: 'In the social sciences, quite as much as in the "exact" sciences, never believe in what the French politely call *flair*, or, to use the more brutal American phrase, in "hunches". The salvation of a distracted world lies in the fearless application of reason to its problems; and the training of reason is the high function of a university. Only remember two things. First, reason must proceed by method and it has, not one method, but many, a different one for each department of human knowledge. You must therefore have in your mind a sufficient map of human knowledge and at least a rough idea of the special equipment which you must carry with you in exploring its arctic, tropic or temperate zones, its prairies, its mountains or its stratosphere. And secondly, remember that reason is useless unless it is informed with a high moral purpose, both for yourself and for the human race. Here are some of my experiences as an explorer in divers regions; here are some ideas which have lent purpose to my explorations. Find better equipment if you can, but in any case equip yourselves and explore'. That is, of course, a paraphrase, not a quotation; but it represents the impression left on the reviewer's mind.

But there are different methods in intellectual stimulation, as there are different methods in the application of reason, and it may be worth while to point out what is Sir Josiah's method. It is what may be called the discursive method. He is impressed with the 'altogetherness of everything'; so he roams through many fields of knowledge, showing how all paths converge. It is a good method, but it has the danger which he himself points out: it may lead the student to spend so much time in mapping knowledge that he will be always packing up for a

journey on which he never starts. There is another method, which may usefully be contrasted with this. Another great stimulator of youth in America, Mr. Justice Holmes, is fond of drawing a rather different conclusion from the 'altogetherness of everything': that, because 'life is all of one piece', any bit of life contains the whole of it, and that therefore the earnest study of any one department of human knowledge will lead the student into all wisdom. This, the intensive method of stimulation, is, of course, the method of the best university teaching. However dangerous specialisation may be, there can be no real intellectual discipline without it, and it is only the bad specialist who is narrowed by his chosen study. The lawyer or the scientist who exasperates Sir Josiah by trying to apply legal or scientific methods of proof to economics or religion proves thereby, not merely that his map of knowledge is defective, but also that he does not understand the nature of his own intellectual tools.

No doubt Sir Josiah would agree with this, but would justify his discursive method on the ground that, precisely because university teaching proceeds by specialisation, he, as a visiting mentor, can most usefully supply the corrective of a little comparative map-sketching. For this every student who is really trying to learn how to use his mind will owe him a debt of gratitude. It may seem captious to complain that, in the end, his map remains incomplete; yet, to vary the metaphor, it is surely true that what the modern world chiefly lacks is not so much method in its thinking as a focus for its thought. In his final chapter, 'On Intellectual Integrity', Sir Josiah considers the possibility of such a focus, but he seems to end on a note of interrogation. Perhaps his conclusion might have been different if, in an earlier chapter, he had not presented too purely an ethical view of the meaning of religion. It is really the deepest tribute to his book that it suggests the question whether any intellectual energy can save a world where men can conceive of God as having a will which they must obey, but not as having a purpose to which they must conform.

EUSTACE PERCY.

What to Eat

Choosing the Right Food. By a Doctor. B.B.C. 2d.

THERE ARE STILL TOO MANY PEOPLE who imagine that instruction on diet is unnecessary and a waste of labour. They would argue that if only you trusted to instinct and took a sufficiently varied diet you would be bound to be all right. 'How did our ancestors manage to get on so well', they ask, 'before all these new-fangled notions had been heard of?' The right answer to that question is that they didn't get on all right! In fact, in the 'good old days' the majority of babies died before they were two years old, and diseases due to faulty nutrition were all too prevalent. Therefore to pay heed to these sceptics is like taking advice from the village gossip 'who ought to know something about babies her having buried seven'.

Immense improvements have been wrought in recent years by the new knowledge of nutrition, but there is still room for further improvement. One instance of what has been done is shown by the decrease in the prevalence of that deforming and crippling ailment rickets, caused by lack of vitamin D. But this complaint still occurs too often, in a milder form, and that explains why it is advisable (and the leading experts and children specialists all agree) that all young children and infants should be allowed cod-liver oil, or one of the alternative 'synthetic' vitamin D preparations now available. (Those who live in sunnier climes than ours are protected by the sunlight, which whenever it falls on the skin manufactures this vitamin direct in the body. Such fortunate mortals have less pressing need of this particular vitamin in their diet.)

Another great gain to the health of the nation is the habit that has been growing up of insisting that all babies need orange juice. Before orange juice was given so widely infant scurvy, or 'Barlow's disease' as it is called, was all too common. This ailment can be prevented 'with mathematical certainty' by remembering the necessity for orange juice. Unfortunately, too many mothers are still inclined to overlook the orange juice, and in so doing ignore the advice of their welfare centre or doctor.

One final example, or rather proof, of the value of education in dietetics is afforded by some recent observations on the supreme value of milk for growing children. Children in council schools, boarding schools, orphanages and other institutions who were given *extra* milk, in addition to that already allowed in their diet (which would have been rightly considered quite gene-

rous by most readers) made the most striking gains in weight, in height and in general health and fitness, far outstripping those children not given the extra milk. No other addition to the diet was found to have such a wonderful effect as did the milk.

The most usual faults in working class diets, as pointed out by the author of the pamphlet, are as follows—

- (1) Too little vegetables, fresh fruits, milk, butter and eggs are taken.
- (2) Too much food is 'tinned, preserved, refined, dried or compressed'. More brown bread might be eaten instead of white.
- (3) The specially pressing needs of the expectant and the nursing mother are not always sufficiently realised.
- (4) Growing children are often given insufficient 'body building' food—that is, lean meat, fish, milk, cheese and eggs.

I am often asked by enquiring laymen—'What is the most nourishing food?' or 'Is such and such a food better for you than such and such a one?' I always reply by asking another question—'If you were building a house would you rather be provided with window panes, or with floor boards, with tiles, or rafters, or bricks, or doors, or mortar, or cement?' The human body is like a house, and the different foods are like the building materials I have just mentioned. No single food in itself suffices. A variety of foods are needed for the numerous different kinds of jobs they have to do in building up the body and keeping it in proper working order.

To those who say that instruction is unnecessary and instinct can be relied upon as an infallible guide we may well point to the wonderful work which education has accomplished in other cognate fields—pre-natal care, in mothercraft generally, and in many another aspect of preventive medicine and hygiene—in all of which it used to be widely supposed until recently that instinct was sufficient in itself. We may admit that a major problem still remains. A theoretical knowledge of dietetics is of little help when economic pressure restricts one's choice. A valuable feature of the pamphlet under review is the list of economical forms of food, and a specimen budget. But ultimately this economic dilemma is one that must be faced by the statesman, and is no longer a problem for the medical scientist alone.

LESLIE J. HARRIS

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Within the Gates. By Sean O'Casey
Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

IN THIS NEW PLAY, not yet staged, Mr. O'Casey has exiled himself from the Dublin tenements in which he made his reputation, forsworn the salty idiom of the Butt Bridge and the North Circular Road, and taken refuge within the gates of what is obviously Hyde Park, where he must and does express himself in Cockney through Cockney characters. Another flight, even more hazardous, which he has undertaken is from the comfortable conventions of realism into the uncharted regions of expressionism. As in that unforgettable second act of 'The Silver Tassie' the characters in this play—twenty-seven of them—bear no Christian or surnames, and hardly one of them troubles us with that sort of information about his private life which, by long established usage, is supposed to be essential in maintaining the illusion of reality upon the stage or in the novel. These characters are a diverse lot, including a bishop, chair-attendants, a policewoman, nursemaids, a guardsman, a Salvation Army officer, professional orators, and the two main characters known as The Dreamer and The Young Whore. In addition there is a chorus of Young Men and Girls which chants verse to music supplied by Mr. Herbert Hughes. But it must not be supposed that the play lacks a plot or is ever in danger of foundering under a load of abstract ideas. Almost every character stands erect in his or her own individuality, distinguishable from the rest by a personal outlook on life, a personal choice of words. It is true they remain much the same at the end of the four acts, through the four seasons of the year, as at the beginning. But this stability is necessary if the reader—or the audience—is not to be confused. And against a pattern woven by their complaints against adversity, their frustrated desires, their intertangled theories for understanding and organising the world, Mr. O'Casey is able to work out the more vividly the story of The Dreamer and his love for a girl who is the sport of circumstance and environment and heredity.

Even though he talks the acquired language of Cockney (and except for a few doubtful pronunciations like *Bysil* for *Basil* and *pire* for *pair* he does it well) Mr. O'Casey retains his gift for satire and irony and wit. There is plenty of mordant repartee (some of which many people will find shocking, but it is true enough to Cockaigne and Hyde Park). A nursemaid maintains that 'People my sye wot they like, but it is a countess' byby, en that is a considerytion'. And another nursemaid, importuned by the small boy in her charge for a definition of community singing, declares that it is just community singing, and then, her conversation with her friend again interrupted, vouchsafes the enlightening information that community singing is the singing of songs by the community at large. We all know nursemaids—and parents—of this helpful sort. The final effect of the play is not altogether satisfactory. Mr. O'Casey has mastered his new technique, but he does not appear to be very certain what he wants to express with it beyond his conviction that bishops are inhibited bores, that physical love is underrated, that most political theories cancel each other and the whole world is still in 'a state of chassis'. Perhaps that is enough for any ordinary dramatist, but Mr. O'Casey is not ordinary. He seems to have reached a half-way stage in his artistic development, and his future will be even more exciting. But in the meantime here is a play which, whatever its defects, is intellectually and imaginatively an adventure to read, and will probably stage still more impressively.

The Presbyterian Tradition

By Charles L. Warr. MacLehose. 7s. 6d.

This very interesting and timely volume by the Minister of St. Giles' Cathedral has been written 'largely in view of the fact that the Church of Scotland has now entered into an unrestricted conference with the Church of England'. 'There are many', says Dr. Warr, 'both north and south of the Tweed, who cherish the dream of a Church of Great Britain . . . and who believe that the gulf which separates the Churches of England and Scotland cannot for ever remain unbridged'. This gulf is not one of doctrine. The chief issue between the two communions is as to whether Episcopacy is the only divinely appointed form of church government, and therefore essential to a valid ministry and valid sacraments. It is of great importance that all those interested in the hope of reunion should understand the position of either church; and certainly all Scotsmen should be grateful for the clear and masterly way in which Dr. Warr has expounded the Presbyterian tradition.

The book is written in the form of a bird's-eye survey of the growth and development of the Church in Scotland through its extremely chequered history. Beginning from the evidence of the New Testament, the author is able to show that in the first century, after the death of the Apostles, only

one essential order of ministry was recognised, namely, that of the presbyter or bishop (the two terms being interchangeable). It is only in the second century that the office of bishop comes into general recognition, gaining gradually in power and prestige until, with Cyprian and Tertullian, the bishops are pronounced the direct historic successors of the Apostles. Presbyterians, therefore, 'may and do regard the episcopal office as an ecclesiastical institution, primitive, honourable, dowered with the dignity of an age-long continuity; but they cannot accept it as a divine ordinance which has a right to claim its acceptance as *obligatory* upon the whole Church'. There follows the story—full of both romance and pathos—of the growth of the Celtic Church: its isolation and independence of the rest of Christendom, its struggles to preserve its own traditions, and finally, its inevitable capitulation to the authority of Rome. From the Synod of Whitby until the middle of the sixteenth century, the Scottish Church was simply a province of a united Western Christendom. But with the Reformation came renewed struggle and cleavage, resulting in the rejection of both episcopacy and Papal authority, and the assertion once again of the principle that the only primitive and essential order of ministry is that of the unbroken succession of presbyters.

Through all its history, as Dr. Warr clearly and vividly shows, and no less through the crisis of the Reformation, the Scottish Church has maintained that it is part of the one holy catholic and apostolic Church; holding the true evangelical Faith and remaining loyal to the doctrine and practice of the first century.

The Reformers . . . strenuously resisted any suggestion that they were either innovators, heretics, or schismatics. They maintained that they were Catholics; nor did they consider that aught that they were doing constituted in any way a breaking of the unity of the Universal Church. It remained intact, the Divine Society of Jesus Christ, broad-based upon the Catholic Creeds and the great Oecumenical Councils.

Dr. Warr modestly calls his book *A Scottish Layman's Handbook*; but it will doubtless be read with interest by many clergy as well as laymen on both sides of the Border. And it is to be hoped that it will help to bring nearer the great ideal of religious reunion to which the writer looks forward. Truly, as he concludes, 'it is inconceivable that the Christian conscience of England and Scotland will indefinitely continue to accept the glaring estrangement of Episcopacy and Presbyterianism as a permanent condition in the religious life of two otherwise united kingdoms'.

British Public Utilities and National Development

By Marshall E. Dimock. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

It was a sound instinct that sent Dr. Dimock to find out, if he could, what the British were doing, in this period of reconstruction, about their Public Utilities. For in the clash between the individualist tradition and the force of community interest these Utility Services are the strategic key-point. It is here that the fundamental problems of economic reorganisation can, and must, first be solved. So Dr. Dimock came and spent nearly a year among us, and has given us the fruits of his observations. His method was to select some of the more important Utility Services and collect data and opinions about their current problems. When he indicates what is, in his view, the true line of solution, he is tentative: his main object seems to have been to state problems rather than to solve them. This, since the time was short and the field very wide, was certainly the path of wisdom. But his comments on our general attitude to the root problem of control will be enlightening to his fellow-countrymen and, doubtless, to ourselves as well. He notes that 'variety is one of the principal features of British Public Utility control'—how polite these Americans are!—and that 'there has been a tendency for action to outstrip policy'—more politeness! He notes our reluctance to make the vital distinction between judicial and administrative control—between saying what is legal and saying what is socially or economically expedient. 'The British seem to have unbounded confidence in the omniscience of the judicial method of regulation'. So he concludes, correctly enough, that our strength lies in the actual administration and management of the Utilities rather than in the technique of controlling them by regulating authorities—a weakness probably due to the fact that our faith in the process itself has really become a little dim. Would a return visit to America, where they know the best, and the worst, of the regulation of public service enterprises, restore it?

Dr. Dimock chose as the principal fields of his investigation the Railways, the Post Office, Electricity Supply and the B.B.C. It bears evidence of access to particularly well-informed sources: light is even thrown on the internal management of the B.B.C. The chapters which deal with Electricity Supply are perhaps the most clear-cut and effective, and he brings out

well how much remains to be done before any material benefit from the grid system can be secured to the consumer. On the Post Office he is a little disappointing, and the chapters on the organisation and reform of that interesting if perplexing institution do not seem, in spite of their length, to get to the root of things. Pursuing his researches in a period of transition he was probably too near the picture to see its proportions. On Transport he provides some valuable material, but the constructive work is inevitably slight. For Parliament Dr. Dimock displays a fine and refreshing respect, and he has a considerable admiration for the modern Civil Service. This partly accounts for his lukewarmness towards our latest experiment—the Public Trusts of the Central Electricity Board and London Passenger Transport Board type: though he admits that they are 'a vast improvement over Victorian regulation' of private enterprise. He is, however, afraid of the influence over them of 'pressure-groups' representing particular interests, and of the risk of nepotism in their choice of personnel. The warning needs to be taken to heart, for it is here that these experiments, if they fail, will fail.

An interesting book. It contains much valuable information, and directs attention to some questions of the very first importance, the significance and the bearings of which are not always realised when Public Utility problems are under discussion. It has the great merit that it is never far from the real issues: and if its treatment of them is sometimes a little inadequate, and marred here and there by inaccuracies, it is at any rate stimulating, and always fair.

Blessington-D'Orsay. By Michael Sadleir Constable. 9s.

Mr. Michael Sadleir in his latest book, a study of the lives of Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, set himself a task of great difficulty. Its main interest must be psychological, for events are few and everything centres on the characters involved. Lady Blessington's life, in spite of its brilliance and the splendour of its setting, was tragic in the extreme. An unhappy childhood forcibly ended by a marriage that is dreadful to contemplate even at this distance of time, drove her into an equivocal position. There followed her marriage with the wealthy Lord Blessington. He was devoted and she affectionate, but the difficulties of her past were brought up against her and robbed her of the social position to which her marriage entitled her. That brilliant, charming egoist, Alfred Count D'Orsay, joined the family circle and brought into Lady Blessington's life another element of tragedy. That they were devoted to one another was notorious, that the devotion was an innocent one, almost that of mother and son, was not recognised. Mr. Sadleir is brilliant in his analysis of the two characters and their mutual relationship. He claims no more, for proof is impossible, than to present a solution of the problem that covers all the facts and forces none. He does this with a delicacy and sureness that it is a delight to follow. The picture of Lady Blessington combining a brilliant though maimed, social life with an heroic fight against approaching poverty is intensely moving. D'Orsay, devoted and loving, yet destroyed her happiness through his inherent egoism. 'Irrational from its first moment, the bizarre drama of the Blessington inheritance had now been played to within a few months of its end. For thirty years act had followed upon topsy-turvy act, and to the moment of the curtain's fall the air of fantasy must be maintained. Only behind the masks was now tragedy—Marguerite Blessington with her broken heart; D'Orsay, with his tarnished beauty and his wasted life'. So does Mr. Sadleir approach the final scene of Lady Blessington's death in Paris, a death that killed D'Orsay.

One-Way Song. By Wyndham Lewis. Faber. 7s. 6d.

This book reveals a rare poet; for in verse, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the notorious sorcerer of the West, has discovered a new spell-binding instrument evidently made to his hand. Whatever else we may say for or against his new work, we can recognise here some qualities which have been missing from poetry for a long time, qualities which we miss in even the best contemporary verse: 'I drive as dour a pen', Mr. Lewis sings, 'As the first navigators or great mission men'—and:

The tudor song blossoms again when I speak—
With the Cavaliers I visit, with Donne I am dark and meek.

One-Way Song is not a laboratory experiment in Form, nor a piece of rhymed political copywriting, though it comes near to being a philosophical poem. Actually it is a series of satirical pieces which might have been composed by way of illustrating the metaphysic already adumbrated in *Time and Western Man* and dramatised in *The Childermass*. But no more, if no less, than we have to study Aquinas in order to enjoy Dante's great poem, need we know the Enemy to enjoy this. The book is arranged in four sections. In the first, 'Engine Fight Talk', a boisterous curtain-raiser staged in the classroom, the author exposes his purpose in the role of dominie. This is a fine fireworks display at the expense of the past; a warming up for sterner stuff:

'Attend to all that begins with a busy smoke and noise;
There was never smoke where fire was not: no, I have never seen
A worthwhile something begin in quiet'.

The class was as keen as keen
To hear more of this—they tightened their cardrums,
But I had other views.

So I turned up my notes on magic, engineering, Irish stews.

In the succeeding sections the argument is developed and prosecuted from both sides, and interspersed with personal and topical illustrations and dialogue, to culminate in the 'Song of the Fronts' and the title-piece. There is an oblique tilt at Time and obsessive evolutionist thought; a renewed *sortie* on the Past-hunters (the 'Backs') and an even sharper criticism of the 'Fronts'—those who wish to breed up for exploitation the pygmy-hordes of a more and more mechanical Future. Here we catch a fleeting glimpse of a familiar figure:

And Death was there indeed, Bailiff and Drover.

Finally, there is a plea for the One-Way man, and the author appears as 'the apostle of an ancient peace', and as one grieved

To find his country's gardens all unleaved
At the behest of half-men.

The general reader of poetry will, however, be well advised to let the argument look after itself, for the poetry is even more important, and Mr. Lewis himself confesses that 'argument',

Except in intent stylistic, or to invent
A certain pattern, is out of the question here.
I can only release, as elegant as deer,
A herd of wandering shapes, which *may* go straight,
But are just as likely to have grandly strayed . . .

Here is a man as intelligent and sensitive as anyone whose company you could get, walking where his fancy leads him, and you will not mind missing the wood when there are so many splendid trees about. His hatred of the mechanical is responsible for these 'wandering shapes'; just as his distrust of emotionalism results in notions like

I am the tender moon upon the stream.
I am the shadow just above the dream—

being called to order sharply with a tough Enemy hiccup. Again:

Confucian philosophy and arms
Are equal partners in his iron charms.

Here, anyway, 'deep as the Many's and a deal more brave', is a genuine twentieth-century folksong.

The Early English Socialists: by H. L. Beales. John Stuart Mill: by Mary Agnes Hamilton. Karl Marx: by R. W. Postgate. Lenin: by R. Palme Dutt. Hamish Hamilton. 1s. 6d. each.

Bertrand Russell once said, as Mr. Postgate reminds us, that if a hundred men had been strangled at birth in the seventeenth century, modern civilisation would not exist. It is equally true that if a handful of men like Owen, Lassalle, and Marx had come to an early end in the nineteenth century, modern Socialism would not exist, for such men gave positive Socialist philosophies where previously there had been little but industrial discontent. There is consequently a *raison d'être* for the makers of the New World Series of exceptionally cheap books whose aim is to present to general readers and students the life and work of the pioneers of Socialism in compact form. The first necessity of books in a series like this is that they shall, in Bacon's phrase, 'excite the judgment briefly rather than inform it tediously'. Mr. Beales fulfils this condition admirably. He is scholarly and interesting and he writes well. He devotes the bulk of the first 45 pages to a survey of industrial and social conditions in England in the generation after Waterloo, and in the remaining 40 pages he deals with the work of Owen, Thompson, Hodgskin, Gray, Hall, and Bray. Let it be repeated that all this is most interesting. But much of the material in the first 40 pages is not very closely related to the title of the book. The Tolpuddle Martyrs were not Socialists, as Mr. Beales admits, but a whole chapter is devoted to them; and the facts and figures concerning industrial and social conditions should not have been dealt with so fully in so small a book. Mr. Beales could with advantage have given more attention to the Spenceans and even to the Commonwealth 'Diggers', in view of the importance of the land question in English Socialism, and he might reasonably have extended his story to include the Christian Socialists. As a study of English Socialists Mr. Beales' book is not architecturally sound—but anyone can read it with both pleasure and profit.

One does not expect to find in these books the severe impartiality of the contributors to the Cambridge Modern History, and Mrs. Hamilton's obvious but not obtrusive Socialism does not come amiss. In the first half of her book she describes vividly and eloquently the story of Mill's utilitarian upbringing, of his painful emancipation from the coldness of Benthamism, and of his relationships with men and affairs. An excellent picture of Mill as a man is sketched and Mrs. Hamilton makes the in-

interesting point that Mill never mentions, and seems never to have heard of, Marx. In the second half of the book, Mrs. Hamilton carefully analyses the ideas of Mill on liberty, democratic government, sex-equality, and political economy and shows that Mill was definitely Socialistic because he insisted upon the principle that the distribution of wealth can be determined by society. But, as Mrs. Hamilton points out, Mill's Socialism was not to him a matter of practical politics; he was content to base his hopes on political democracy. Only one slip has been noticed in these pages: Mill could hardly have written in 1837 about the Durham Report, which did not appear until 1839.

An occasional shaft of wit, as a few rare educationists realise, is rarely out of place, and Mr. Postgate's lighter touches enliven the story of Marx, who shifted Socialism from the ethical to the scientific stage. Mr. Postgate traces clearly the development of Marx and his relations with Engels, Proudhon, and Bakunin, and we are even given a glimpse of Marx 'in an exuberance that was only partly alcoholic, breaking the street lamps in Dean Street at two in the morning and then fleeing from the police with an agility hardly to be expected in a famous philosopher'. In the second half of the book Mr. Postgate explains very carefully the materialist conception of history, the theory of surplus value (upon which the theory of the exploitation of labour is based), and the Marxian dialectic. Mr. Postgate sometimes writes rather more polemically than is necessary or desirable in a book for non-party students; instances are his off-hand dismissal of 'orthodox' economics and his notion that any system of economics is absurd if it does not agree that capitalism necessarily means deficiency in the distribution of purchasing power. But the whole book is well worth study and the only slip noticed is that 1893 instead of 1895 is given as the date of Engels' death.

Propagandist vapouring about 'bourgeois hero-worshippers and reformist flunkies' is not quite the sort of thing which ought to be in any book belonging to a series of this kind; but it is found in Mr. Dutt's *Lenin*. Mr. Dutt tells us that we cannot understand Lenin unless we become active Communists, apparently on the assumption that only a sheep can really appreciate mutton, and we are exhorted to read many specified Communist periodicals. In any case Mr. Dutt does not help the reader very much; he does not give a clear idea of Lenin's personality and he often writes very badly. Mr. Dutt should realise that the law of diminishing returns applies very much indeed to the use of adjectives, that, indeed, the return may even become negative. One has to pity the earnest student who is faced with such phrases as 'a completely conscious, controlled and theoretically illumined activity, directed to great objective aims, not drawn from arbitrary subjective notions. . . .'

Reason and Beauty in the Poetic Mind

By Charles Williams. Oxford University Press. 6s.

More than any other, English criticism shows an inclination to extract from poetry a substitute for philosophy and religion, and the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth is particularly adapted to that sub-creative activity. The passages which Mr. Williams quotes from these poets, and from Spenser, Keats and Hardy, show at once that he is primarily concerned with the poetry of the abstract idea, not with the poetry of sensuous impression. In the present volume (which continues the studies he commenced in *The English Poetic Mind*), he is concerned with a theme which is recurrent in such poetry, a theme which he calls the Conflict of Reason and Beauty. Both words are used in a special sense or senses elucidated and transmogrified by successive quotations from Marlowe, Shakespeare, Keats and Wordsworth. It might be argued that the conflict of which Mr. Williams and Wordsworth speak, occurs only when the use of Reason is inadequate, and that the sense of frustration, 'we murder to dissect', arises only from inadequate dissection. Perhaps the distinction between 'the self-consistent, unemotional world of logical creation' and 'the world exalted in passion to sublimity' is necessary only for certain intellects. Leonardo asserted that he could not help loving that which he fully understood. In a more modern terminology (abhorred by Mr. Williams) an adequate adjustment of the conscious may imply an adequate adjustment of the preconscious.

Shelley, in the *Defence*, pointed out the relation of poetry to phantasy and the preconscious: 'Poetry, as has been said, differs in this respect from logic, that it is not subject to the control of the active powers of the mind'. Mr. Williams emphasises the reasoning which is 'subject to the control of the active powers of the mind' and ignores (in his present book) the melopœic pattern and the sensuous imagery. He is undoubtedly a sensitive scholarly critic, but in some ways he resembles those readers who go through the *Golden Treasury* or the *Oxford Book* marking the passages with which they agree. Thus, in discussing the great poem which treats 'Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit' he discusses the Disobedience and its consequence; he ignores the Fruit. But the image is one which recurs at all the crucial moments of the poem and lends to the poem an emotional compulsion not implicit in the narrative itself. Mr.

Williams gives us his own interpretation of the allegory: throughout the book he is concerned with the struggle against the darkness and the chaos which form the implicit counterpart of 'Reason, Power and Beauty'. For a moment he hints that the war in heaven was Milton's symbol for the perpetual struggle in every individual man, but he speaks with contempt of the language which our own contemporaries use when they attempt to bring that which he calls 'the everlasting war and the continual sin' into relation with the logical and verbal framework of our scientific knowledge. The verbal equivalent of the preconscious, that region of fear, half-knowledge and uncertainty, is always changing, and as Mr. Williams says: 'It requires courage to dare the abyss from which Wordsworth beheld the power of Imagination rise'. Today, it might be argued, the Surrealists are the poets who 'dare the abyss', and Mr. Williams' criticism might have shown a keener edge if he had dared to state and analyse the form his problem takes today. A less vague and metaphorical vocabulary would have been essential; it might have repelled some readers, but it would have helped the writer to avoid some of his logical and sentimental lapses.

The Training of Teachers in England and Wales during the Nineteenth Century. By R. W. Rich
Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

The story of the training of teachers for elementary schools is a drab and depressing one. The inventor of the system, Kay-Shuttleworth, though a great and far-sighted administrator, made the mistake of deliberately giving teachers a humble view of their office, so as to check ambition. They were segregated in residential training colleges, for the most part denominational—'Protestant Maynooths', as they were nicknamed. The picture of a training college drawn in *Jude the Obscure* was not exaggerated, when one realises that even in 1886 an archdeacon could complain to a Royal Commission that an inspector had 'ordered complete sets of baths for all the students. Now these girls will never see a bath when they leave their training colleges in their future life. It is accustoming them to luxuries and creating a taste which they will not be able to gratify afterwards'. Professor Rich has given an able and well-documented account of the old-time training colleges, and traces the steps by which they have been modernised. He does not regard them as entirely obsolete, since they perform a function that is necessary to the community, the due supply of elementary teachers, and which no other institution could carry out. It is true that real reform has come about since the Day Training Departments of Universities were set up in 1890; but it would be impossible for the Universities either to cope with the numbers or to dissipate their energies in sub-University work. As it is, they have succeeded in developing courses of a high standard, not only leading a growing number of secondary teachers to train, but raising the study of education, as a subject, to a dignified status. The author has made a valuable contribution to the history of English education, which is in itself a justification for a university department; and he shows judgment in the discussion of present-day problems.

Country Days. By A. G. Street. Faber. 6s.

These broadcast talks which now appear in printed form, reveal the author as a true countryman, and there is a quality about them which is peculiarly English. Mr. Street has a quick ear, a loving eye and a wide friendliness towards nature and mankind; his appreciation is able to pass on, through the scenes which he describes, these qualities to his readers. He is, in short, that excellent combination, a bit of a poet and a farmer too. Perhaps he is at his best when describing human beings and their conversation, as in his account of the man he met in the train on his journey from Waterloo to Salisbury, but he has an almost equally good eye for the country scene as his descriptions of grass cutting, sunshine and rain, and harvest make evident. As a prose writer he is not always equally good, for he will sometimes allow his matter to be thin and diffuse, and the style is in places too obviously modelled for the microphone to be comfortable reading; but at his best he can be very good indeed, and can introduce charming and intimate touches of observation which bring the thing that he has seen and appreciated vividly to the reader, without any taint of sentimentality. A good example of this felicity of phrase is his description of young barley in spring: 'It looked extraordinarily well. In the spring you can always tell whether barley is doing well or ill. When its leaves are straight something is wrong. This is a sure sign that the barley is not feeling happy. But when the leaves have a corkscrew-like twist to them, a sort of gay pirouette as though the barley were dancing for joy, you know that all is well'. There are many such touches, and the repetition of them as the scene and season changes convey the enduring and enfolding quality of the English country, which is so hard to capture, that it is only for those who have made contact with the soil the habit of their days.

New Novels

The Unforgotten Prisoner. By R. C. Hutchinson. Cassell. 8s.

Electra. By H. Du Coudray. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Oppermanns. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated from the German by James Cleugh. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Dawn of Darkness. By Balder Olden. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE UNFORGOTTEN PRISONER is a novel of over 200,000 words. It deals with a major theme, the working out of retribution for an offence committed in a previous generation. It treats this subject seriously and intelligently, yet, so far as I have been able to discover, without striking out a single sentence which one would be tempted to quote for its truth or illumination. The author says many true things, but they are somewhat commonplace; he expresses a humane and enlightened attitude, but it is somewhat complacent. There is a kind of intelligence that is irritating because it does not fit the case. Often it is accompanied, as in Mr. Hutchinson, by a sound understanding of human weakness and a practised skill, which comes from experience of men, in assessing the immediate contents of a situation; but it has always an 'of course' implied in its findings, and is the fine fruit of habit, of serious and intelligent habit, not a first-hand and original faculty. One feels that Mr. Hutchinson's intelligence is the kind that would be more fittingly applied, for instance, to the present state of Germany. It would be all for fair play and humanity there, as it is in this book; but fair play and humanity are not qualities that can help a writer much in dealing with the workings of fate. Such qualities assume a future solution over which one has some control, or at least the existence of a Civil Service somewhere or other which is capable of dealing with every problem, not perfectly, perhaps, but with sufficient competence to satisfy the mind of an enlightened Englishman.

This inadequacy of conception, this civil service spirit, is the crucial fault of the story, inducing that feeling of uniformly missing the point by a few yards to which one grows used in reading the quite good, the respectable, intelligent, serious, edifying novel. Mr. Hutchinson rises considerably above that level at times, and sinks considerably beneath it at others, and *The Unforgotten Prisoner* has the interest of not being a good competent novel. The best passages in it deal with the boyhood of the hero Klaus Gotthold, and one of these, a long description of his escape from a Catholic school in Germany, is a brilliant piece of close and exact imagination which shows that, when he gets away from his professional seriousness, the author can write with genuine power. His boys are real, his grown-ups so emphatically grown-up that it is impossible to believe in them, so grown-up that they have to conceal it from themselves all the time. This is how they talk. Elaine, Klaus' English sweetheart, is speaking about him to his uncle, who is the narrator:

'He took me to hear Kreisler at the Troy Hall . . . and he talked German the whole time in the intervals. I kept saying "Klaus, darling, I don't understand a word", but it made no difference'.

'Did you enjoy Kreisler?'

'Yes. But he's got frightfully English in most ways —'

'Kreisler?'

'No, Klaus, stupid. He's got so broad and big-in-the-chest, and in that overcoat you gave him he looks a Cambridge man to the life. He's developing a waw-waw manner, too, but I shall nip that in the bud' . . .

'Would you rather he stayed German?' I asked.

'I don't know. I'm frightfully prejudiced in favour of Englishmen, but I like a man to be what he is, if you see what I mean. Anyway, he'll always be Klaus, he'll always be sort of shy and young and old and wise and simple. And of course, it's his affair, not mine'.

'Nor mine, I suppose. But you mustn't neglect his education'.

She laughed.

'He doesn't neglect mine. He lectures me on Paul Veronese and the best way of getting from Belsize Park to Paddington and how to hold the wrists when knitting'.

And so on indefinitely, like someone reporting the talk of adults whom he has read about in some comic novel but never met, adults so occupied with serious things that in conversation they can only flounder playfully on the surface. And how facetious they are about their own antics! The difference between this kind of dialogue and the pages in which Mr. Hutchinson describes Klaus' life in the school (scenes which acquire their force by accumulative detail and so are, unfortunately, far too long for quotation) can only be explained on the assumption that he understands boys but not adults. His adults, indeed, are boys in disguise.

The story begins with Charles Saggard's elopement from his father's rectory with a German governess. His father and his brother John (the narrator of the story) follow the pair to Glasgow, and John tracks them down to their hotel and knocks them up in the middle of the night. He finds that they have gone through a Scotch marriage, believing it to be binding. They are undeceived, and the whole party, including Hedwig, take the

train back again. Once they have arrived the father packs Hedwig without warning back to Germany, and Charles returns to his university. Hedwig's mother, a quick-witted woman, marries her off hastily to Heinrich Gotthold, a German officer and an old admirer. The War comes, Heinrich gets into the English army for the purpose of spying on it, and is nabbed by John Saggard, who has to have him shot. Before his death Heinrich gives John a letter for Hedwig, but John is unable to get it to her, and has to pay a visit to Germany after the Armistice. By this time Hedwig is half out of her mind with fear and hunger; she makes a scene, and Klaus, her son by Charles, kicks John out. Hedwig dies; Klaus goes through a number of horrible experiences, including a flogging, and loses his memory. He comes as a stowaway to Newcastle; John happens to see a small paragraph in the newspaper and takes the first train north. Klaus is very distant at first; he has inherited a hatred for the English from his mother; but at last John manages to win his confidence. Then comes a hitch. An old war friend turns up who insists on talking to John about the long past shooting incident, with Klaus within hearing distance. Klaus says nothing at the time, but that night he tries to equalise the scores by shooting John. His aim is bad, John recovers, and after that everything naturally goes splendidly, and in an atmosphere of general goodwill Klaus departs again for Germany. The plot is needlessly complicated and depends on a whole series of improbable coincidences; but that would not matter if the treatment were otherwise adequate. *The Unforgotten Prisoner* is the Book Society's choice for the month.

Electra is in some ways the opposite of the foregoing story, economical instead of wordy, clean-cut instead of vague in outline. It, too, deals with a major theme, the vengeance of a daughter for a long past offence; and it, too, is guilty of the most obvious improbabilities. But the temper of Miss Du Coudray's imagination is at its best infinitely higher than Mr. Hutchinson's, and one scene, that where the girl returns to confront her mother, is in the grand dramatic style. The story moves for most of the time on a line between reality and day-dreaming, and its great fault is an uncertainty of poise; for long stretches the action seems to be nothing more than a naive wish-fulfilment. The plot itself puts a severe strain on one's credulity. Lord Grey, a famous English statesman, is murdered in Constantinople (it is hinted, by a lover of his wife), and his young son and daughter disappear. *Electra*, the daughter, is rescued by her nurse and smuggled away (how is not explained) to a remote Turkish village. The description of her childhood there is full of colour and is probably the most consistently good part of the story. Her nurse dies and *Electra* sets out for England to find her mother. She is coldly received, for Lady Augusta, having lived down the Constantinople incident and married again, has no wish to have her past resurrected. The two women join battle; *Electra* is worsted for a time; but then her lost brother (*Orestes*) appears, and lightning descends from the sky to consume the guilty mother. *Electra's* brother, feeling that he is not wholly guiltless of this consummation, turns his back on the riches and power which have become his and sets off on his wanderings again, leaving *Electra* finally cheated by her own vengeance. The theme is a great one, the machinery somewhat absurd, and the last part, which demanded a heroic imagination, past words unconvincing. But in the childhood scenes and the first meeting between *Electra* and her mother Miss Du Coudray displays imagination of unusual sweep and directness.

The Oppermanns and *Dawn of Darkness* are two novels dealing polemically with the present state of things in Germany. The first is by far the more moderate and judicial in statement, and consequently the more effective; the second contains one brilliant portrait, that of Schnierwind, the Minister of Propaganda, but is on the whole somewhat unconvincing. In neither is the invention so important as the matter in hand, which is the persecution of Jewish and other sections of the civil population by the Brown Shirts. The real object of these two novels is, in other words, to give the reader some conception of the present condition of things in Germany. They certainly leave a powerful impression on one's mind, and there is no doubt of Herr Feuchtwanger's and Herr Olden's desire to present the truth honestly; but in practical questions works of fiction based on evidence are a somewhat exasperating substitute for evidence,

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Cross of Peace*, by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).